



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

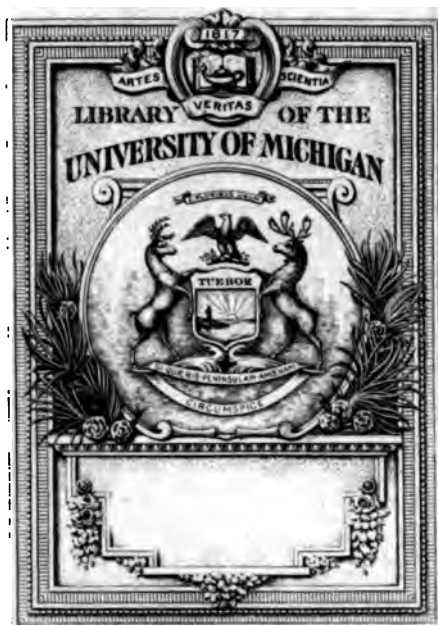
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





50
52
1, 3

7

To - Arthur Roy Bradley
from Majorie & Robin.

Aug. 29th 1904.





Drawn by ALBERT H. WARREN.

Savage club, London

THE SAVAGE CLUB PAPERS

EDITED BY

J. E. MUDDOCK



ART EDITOR

HERBERT JOHNSON

London, 1897

HUTCHINSON & CO.

34, PATERNOSTER ROW



PRINTED BY
HAZELL, WATSON, AND VINEY, LD.,
LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

Libr
Oaksley
3-31-30
2132.4

P R E F A C E

I N the year 1868 a volume of miscellaneous articles, under the title of THE SAVAGE CLUB PAPERS, was issued by Tinsley Brothers, the editor being the late Andrew Halliday. In the Preface to that volume it is stated that: "The Savage Club was founded eleven years ago,* to supply the want which Dr. Samuel Johnson and his friends experienced when they founded the Literary Club. A little band of authors, journalists, and artists, felt the need of a place of reunion, where, in their hours of leisure, they might gather together and enjoy each other's society, apart from the publicity of that which was known in Johnson's time as the 'Coffee House,' and equally apart from the chilling splendour of the modern club."

Such, then, was the origin of the Savage Club. It gave to intellectual Bohemians a habitation and a home, and since then it may modestly be claimed for the Club that it has become famous. On its long roll of members are the names of men who have distinguished themselves in

* 1857.

Literature, Science, Art, and the Drama—giants in their way, whose memory posterity will continue to cherish.

In 1869 a second volume of PAPERS was issued, under the same editorship, and a hope was then expressed that it might be found expedient to continue to issue a volume annually. From no lack of appreciation on the part of the public, but from other causes which it is not necessary to mention, the annual issue could not be carried out. After an interval of twenty-eight years, however, it was thought that the time had arrived when a third volume might be submitted to the new generation that has come into existence. Nearly all the contributors to the two previous volumes have gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns; but the renowned Club still flourishes, and numbers amongst its members men as clever with pen and pencil as our dear dead and gone brothers of the "sixties." We who are responsible for this book venture to express the opinion that it will not be found unworthy of its predecessors. Literary men, artists, poets, and musicians, alike have combined to produce a work which they trust will worthily uphold the best traditions of the Club, and meet with a warm welcome wherever the English language is spoken, and the Club is known—that is, practically the wide world over.

Preface

vii

I, whose pleasant task it has been to superintend the production of the volume, tender my hearty thanks to my brother Savages who have so generously responded to my appeal for contributions ; to my esteemed colleague and friend Mr. Herbert Johnson, whose talents and experience have been of such great service, I cheerfully acknowledge my indebtedness ; while the thanks of all are due to our publishers, for the excellent manner in which they have produced the book. To the public we humbly submit the result of our labours, and hope we may be fortunate enough to secure a favourable verdict. "A book, like a grape vine, should have good fruit among its leaves." If the fruit of this volume of THE SAVAGE CLUB PAPERS is pronounced good, we shall be proud indeed.

THE EDITOR.

SAVAGE CLUB, 1897.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

EUGENE BARNETT	HENRI VAN LAUN
REGINALD BARNETT	EDGAR LEE
MACKENZIE BELL	RAWDON B. LEE
LORD CHARLES BERESFORD	PAUL MERITT
MAJOR W. G. BOSWORTH	ARTHUR MORRISON
HENRY BYATT	HENRY DE MOSENTIAL
R. I. MAITLAND COFFIN	J. E. MUDDOCK
CHARLES COLLETTE	HENRY H. NEWILL
W. H. DENNY	WILLIAM NICHOLL
EDWARD DRAPER	WALTER PARKE
A. SYMONS ECCLES	J. HAYDN PARRY
GEORGE MANVILLE FENN	EDWARD E. PEACOCK
GERALD FITZGIBBON	L. D. POWLES
GERALD FITZGIBBON, JUNR.	LIEUT.-COLONEL E. ROGERS
E. J. GOODMAN	FRED W. ROSE
G. A. HENTY	WALTER ROWLEY
E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS	S. A. K. STRAHAN
WILTON JONES	G. THORN
COULSON KERNAHAN	AARON WATSON
F. ST. JOHN LACY	

LIST OF ARTISTS

W. D. ALMOND, R.B.A.	A. BERTRAM LOUD
W. H. J. BOOT, R.B.A.	PHIL MAY
A. CHANTREY CORBOULD, R.B.A.	A. MORROW
BERNARD EVANS.	H. PETHERICK
ARTHUR FREDERICS	W. H. PIKE, R.B.A.
PAUL FRENZENY	JOHN PROCTOR
CHARLES GREEN, R.I.	W. RALSTON
B. F. GRIBBLE	JOHN R. REID
T. B. HARDY.	PAUL RENOUARD
THOMAS M. HENRY	H. T. SCHÄFER, R.B.A.
HERBERT JOHNSON	JOHN STURGESS
ADRIAN JONES.	J. F. SULLIVAN
YEEND KING, R.I., R.B.A.	ALBERT TOFT
SIR JAMES D. LINTON, P.R.I.	A. H. WARREN
	HARRISON WEIR.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE MYSTERY OF THE SNUFF-BOX	I
BY THE LATE PAUL MERITT. <i>Illustrated by</i> W. D. ALMOND.	
COLLEEN RUE	18
<i>Words and Music by</i> F. ST. JOHN LACY.	
AFTER LONG YEARS	21
BY CHARLES COLLETTE.	
LORD LOVELL AND LADY NANCY BELL	27
BY GEOFFREY THORN (CHARLES TOWNLEY).	
HOW I GOT TO SANDRINGHAM	33
BY GERALD FITZGIBBON.	
GHITTARATA	41
<i>Words by</i> REGINALD BARNETT. <i>Music by</i> EUGENE BARNETT.	
SOME PRESS REMINISCENCES	43
BY EDWARD E. PEACOCK.	
A GOOD SAMARITAN	59
BY W. H. DENNY.	

	PAGE
TO A LADY PLAYING THE HARP IN HER CHAMBER	74
BY MACKENZIE BELL. <i>Illustrated by</i> HERBERT JOHNSON.	
THE STORY OF A LITTLE <i>PUNKAH WALLAH</i> . . .	78
BY MAJOR W. G. BOSWORTH.	
BELISARIUS IN LONDON	91
BY AARON WATSON. <i>Illustrated by</i> ADRIAN JONES.	
SIR HENRY IRVING'S FAULT	95
BY GERALD FITZGIBBON, JUNR.	
A CRUISE IN THE TIDELESS SEA	111
BY R. I. MAITLAND COFFIN, F.R.C.P.	
PEASANT SONG	123
BY E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS. <i>Illustrated by</i> BERNARD EVANS.	
A TOUGH YARN ; OR, A TRIPLE COINCIDENCE . . .	125
BY EDGAR LEE.	
THE WARRIOR'S WOOING	133
BY WALTER PARKE.	
A TERRIBLE BANDIT	136
BY J. E. MUDDOCK, F.R.G.S. <i>Illustrated by</i> J. STURGESS.	
FROM "LEVELS" TO "LYRICS"	146
BY W. NICHOLL.	
A SPORTING REMINISCENCE OF BRITISH GUIANA .	157
BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL E. ROGERS.	
SHAKESPEAREAN BALLADS AND SONGS	175
BY WALTER ROWLEY, F.S.A.	

Contents

xiii

	PAGE
A LITTLE DREAM	199
BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN. <i>Illustrated by</i> YEEND KING.	
ONLY A HUNCHBACK !	203
BY G. A. HENTY. <i>Illustrated by</i> H. PETHERICK.	
THE DAYSPRING SONATA	222
BY FRED W. ROSE. <i>Illustrated by</i> CHARLES GREENE.	
THE DISAPPOINTED CENTENARIAN	235
BY E. J. GOODMAN. <i>Illustrated by</i> W. RALSTON.	
ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE	243
BY ARTHUR MORRISON.	
THE GUNPOWDER PLOT EXPLODED	251
BY EDWARD DRAPER. <i>Illustrated by</i> JOHN PROCTOR.	
DYNAMITE	263
BY HENRY DE MOSENTHAL, F.I.C.	
HOW WE DOCKED THE <i>SAFIA</i> UP THE NILE IN 1885	275
BY LORD CHARLES BERESFORD. <i>Illustrated by</i> BERNARD F. GRIBBLE.	
A WARNING TO DRAMATISTS	285
BY WILTON JONES. <i>Illustrated by</i> W. PIKE.	
A BRUSH WITH BRIGANDS	297
BY A. SYMONS ECCLES. <i>Illustrated by</i> PAUL FRENZENY.	
FROM FAMINE TO FAME	314
BY L. D. POWLES. <i>Illustrated by</i> ARTHUR FREDERICS.	
DOGGED	321
BY COULSON KERNAHAN. <i>Illustrated by</i> J. F. SULLIVAN.	

	PAGE
" LADDIE "	336
BY RAWDON B. LEE. <i>Illustrated by</i> HARRISON WEIR.	
THE POOL	347
BY HENRY VAN LAUN. <i>Illustrated by</i> W. H. J. BOOT.	
A STORM SONG	351
<i>Words by</i> HENRY BYATT. <i>Music by</i> J. HAYDN PARRY.	
" LARD, I'M LATE ! "	357
BY HENRY H. NEWILL.	
THE ORIGIN OF THE PUG	369
BY S. A. K. STRAHAN, M.D.	

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FRONTISPIECE	<i>Facing Title-Page.</i>
"GENTLEMEN, I HAVE NOT SEARCHED OR EMPTIED MY OWN POCKETS"	PAGE 9
A FROLICSOME SAVAGE	25
"BELPHEGOR"	31
THE LAST MAN	57
"LADY, WHOSE CONSCIOUS FINGERS SWEEP THE STRINGS"	75
"Here—stop the traffic in the street, And let the poor, blind beggar cross"	90
SIR HENRY IRVING: A SKETCH	94
"THERE STANDS AND GROWS A TREE OF OAK"	122
IN SUMMER TIME	131
"IT HAD STRUCK TWELVE WHEN THE OLD, LUMBERING VEHICLE ROLLED OUT OF THE COURTYARD"	139
BEAUTY AND THE BIRD	155
BEAUTY IN TEARS	195
". . . . The old churchyard, Where the mouldering lych-gate swings unbarred"	198
"LOWER AWAY, LADS," HE SAID. "GOD BLESS YOU ALL IF I DON'T SEE YOU AGAIN!"	213
"LAST NIGHT AT THE THEATRE SHE HAD SMILED UPON HIM"	223
"TOOK MORNING BATHS AND EXERCISE"	234
DR. NANSEN AT THE SAVAGE CLUB	241
PICCANINNIES	249

	PAGE
MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPH OF A PARTICLE OF KIESELGUHR	267
MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPH OF A PARTICLE OF DYNAMITE	269
"A SHOT FROM THE FORT PIERCED THE BOILER OF THE STEAMER"	277
ON THE NILE	281
"IT WAS A YOUTHFUL DRAMATIST WHO STARTED ON HIS WAY"	287
"YOU MUST GIVE 'EM MELODRAMA OF A WILD AND GORY KIND"	291
"NOW IN HAPPY WITH A BALANCE OF A MILLION AT THE BANK"	295
"THE OUTLINE OF A LONG GUN, ALONG WHICH I SEEMED TO GAZE"	307
THE PILOT'S CHILDREN	319
"AH, BROWN! OUT FOR A STROLL?"	327
"GET AWAY HOME, LADDIE!"	337
"A SHEEP-DOG ON THAT NEWLY COVERED GRAVE"	344
THE OLD PORT OF FLUSHING	345
THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER	349
SCOTCH WHISKY	355
A TUNISIAN ARAB	367

THE SAVAGE CLUB PAPERS

THE MYSTERY OF THE SNUFF-BOX

BY THE LATE
PAUL MERITT.



I WAS under the impression that I had seen all Uncle Arthur's curios until one day, helping him to make a catalogue of his possessions, he took from the drawer of a cabinet

a washleather bag containing a diamond snuff-box of rare workmanship.

"I don't remember having seen this before, Uncle," I exclaimed.

"No, my boy, I haven't seen it myself for years," he replied, "for the very sight of it recalls to me one of the most painful episodes in my life."

"Indeed!" I remarked; "and being a painful one, I will not ask what it was"—although, as a matter of fact, I was on tenter-hooks to know what it could have been; for even as he spoke I noticed his eyes had grown dim with tears.

"Catalogue it as 'diamond snuff-box, presented by Louis XVI. to Chevalier Louis d'Avignon."

"Chevalier d'Avignon! Was not that your grandfather?" I asked.

"My maternal grandfather—yes," replied my uncle. "And now," he continued, "I will tell you the experience I have referred to. In 1830, amongst those of La Vielle noblesse who followed Charles X., the last legitimist King of France, into exile was a nobleman called the Count de MontEpen. He was accompanied by his wife, an invalid. At one time his family had been rich, but he, personally, was believed to be in straitened circumstances, as he let it be known that he would be pleased to give lessons in music to fill up his leisure time. He was an accomplished musician, and I, as a lad, was amongst his pupils. He was a very proud man, proud of his ancestry and of their stainless record, and it

The Mystery of the Snuff-Box 3

was positively painful to see his face flush scarlet when he took from my father the fee he had earned so well, and needed so much. Many times he seemed to be on the point of refusing the proffered pay; but no doubt recollections of his necessities interfered with his repugnance to receive money. When I went subsequently to college I lost sight of the Count for some years; but in the late 'forties, after I had come into the family property, I accidentally ran against the old man in the streets of London. It was a day on which I was about to give a luncheon party at my house, and amongst my invited guests was another French nobleman, a friend of the Count's, called the Marquis de Bergne. I prevailed on the Count, after much pressing, to make one of the party. He seemed ill and weak, and at first he politely but positively declined. I felt morally certain that he was in want of funds. I knew it was worse than useless to offer him assistance there and then, but I surmised that I could get him to my house, and there, after a glass or two of generous wine, induce him to accept something in the guise of a loan or a pretended unpaid debt. I called a cab and got him into it before he realised that he had agreed to accept my hospitality. Indeed, as we rode home I was so touched by the man's bewildered look that I commenced mentally weaving a fiction that my father had left the old

★ The Savage Club Papers

was a legacy, which I had been unable to hand over, not knowing where to find him.

It was in winter time, and the luncheon hour was fixed at two o'clock; but although so early in the day the fog made it necessary, before we finished, to have candles lighted. We were a particularly merry party, and a liberal quantity of wine was consumed—too liberal, I have often thought since. Whilst we were partaking of coffee the conversation turned upon some historic jewellery that had been recently sold, and reference was made to the high prices it had fetched. This led me to unlock an antique cabinet and to exhibit some gems and curios I had inherited; and amongst others was this very diamond snuff-box. The old Count was especially interested in the latter, and very exactly he examined what had once been handled by the Master King of France.

The fog had prevented my guests leaving at the termination of luncheon, and it was nearly five o'clock when some came and prepared to depart. I had, I am afraid, dozed off in an exceedingly comfortable arm-chair that I was occupying at the head of the table; nor was I the only one who had nodded, for two or three of my guests pleaded guiltily to having had forty winks. Before any one left the room the valuables I had exhibited were gathered together

The Mystery of the Snuff-Box 5

for me to put away, when it was discovered that the Louis XVI. diamond snuff-box was missing.

“Search was at once made, and every place that seemed likely or unlikely was overhauled ; but we could find no trace of the missing box. The last time that I had any distinct recollection of having seen the snuff-box it was in the hands of the Count, who was examining it for the third or fourth time, and I remember one of my friends, who was an expert in such matters, remarking at the time that, apart from its historic value, it was worth a considerable sum to break up.

“The butler, who was the last servant who had attended upon us, was called in and questioned, and he asserted, what I had already recollected, that the Count was looking at the box at the time when he left the room.

“I could see that a general feeling of uneasiness had taken possession of the party, and so I determined to put an end to what was becoming an embarrassing scene.

“‘Gentlemen,’ I commenced, ‘although the snuff-box cannot be found at the moment, I feel sure it will turn up sooner or later. Besides, it really is of no moment whether——’

“‘I beg your pardon, Arthur,’ broke in Major Howard—he was the guest who had first risen to break up the party—‘the matter is of great moment, and concerns one

6 The Savage Club Papers

and all until the thing is found. I, for one, suggest we all empty our pockets, and then there can be no doubt and no imputations in the future.'

" 'Really, gentlemen,' I cried, 'this is quite unnecessary. You are one and all my friends, and I would pledge my life that none of you would do a dishonest act.'

"But despite my words my guests rapidly emptied the contents of their various pockets on to the table, and even went further and turned their pockets inside out. All my guests did this save one—the Count ; and I noticed that he remained motionless.

"I looked at him narrowly. His eyes were closed, his lips white and bloodless, and his mouth twitched at the corners as though he were silently suffering great pain.

" 'There,' I exclaimed, ignoring the passiveness of the Count, 'that is all right. You might have saved yourselves a lot of unnecessary trouble, for I was quite sure that none of you had the box, and I was right.'

" 'You can scarcely assert that, Arthur, until every guest has turned out his pockets,' exclaimed Major Howard.

" 'Count,' said the Marquis de Bergne, addressing my old music-master, 'you are being referred to.'

" 'Yes, yes,' replied the Count, in a bewildered manner ; but he still remained motionless.

The Mystery of the Snuff-Box 7

“‘Well—why doesn’t the Count do as we have all done?’ asked Major Howard.

“‘Anatole!’ exclaimed the Marquis, reproachfully using the Count’s baptismal name.

“‘Why does he object to do as we all have done?’ was the question that went round the table.

“‘Anatole!’ ejaculated his friend, in strident tones. ‘Remember, you must do as the rest have done.’

“‘Raoul, believe me, I—I—I cannot,’ was the pathetic reply of the Count.

“‘You cannot?’ queried all.

“‘I cannot—I will not!’

“As the old nobleman spoke I watched his face. I was morally certain he was guilty; that in an unguarded moment he had possessed himself of the snuff-box, believing that it would not be missed until after my guests had left the house. I felt that necessity had made him take it, and I reproached myself for not having thrust some material help upon him. I wished we were alone, that I might tell him he was welcome to it, if he really desired to possess it.

“The guests one and all again pressed the Count, despite his positive refusal, to place himself beyond the pale of suspicion by emptying his pockets of their contents.

28 The Savage Club Papers

...and that I must bring this terribly painful scene to an end. As things, I felt certain, would alter the Count's arrangements, so I at once addressed my guests.

'In consequence, I have not searched or emptied my own boxes, and so I cannot call upon the Count de MontEpin to do more than his host has done. I do not even ask him to give his word that he has not the box.'

'On my honour I have not the box,' exclaimed the Count. 'I returned it, and I believed I had passed it to you personally.'

'More than likely,' I agreed, 'and no doubt I have misplaced it myself.'

'A very charitable construction to put upon the matter,' coolly remarked Major Howard.

'And now, gentlemen, pray say no more. There is some fatality about the box. The jeweller who made it, the king who gave it to my ancestor, and my ancestor himself, all perished on the scaffold; and the first time I exhibit it to my friends it is responsible for a scene I shall never forget.'

'My guests one and all quitted the house. I went to the window and looked out. The fog had cleared and I could see quite plainly. I noticed the Marquis de Bergne and the Count de MontEpin eagerly discussing—no doubt, the



"GENTLEMEN, I HAVE NOT SEARCHED OR EMPTIED MY OWN POCKETS."



The Mystery of the Snuff-Box 11

episode of the jewelled box. Presently I saw they were about to part, and the Count offered the Marquis his hand. The latter, however, drew himself proudly up, and walked away. The Count gave a gesture of despair, then turned and went the opposite way. As I saw the old man disappear I determined to follow and comfort him. I went into the hall, put on my hat and coat, and hastened into the street; but although I followed in the direction he had taken, he was nowhere to be seen. I was the more annoyed that I could not find him as I knew I had no address whereby I could communicate with the Count. I determined, however, to use every endeavour to find him, and the next day I called upon the Marquis de Bergne to make inquiries; but he knew nothing of his whereabouts, though he expressed a hope that if I should find him I would spare him, as any act proved against him would reflect disgrace on many noble French families still in exile. I assured him that anything of the kind was far from my thoughts: my sole object was to find him, with a view to assisting him if he, as I strongly suspected, required assistance.

“‘Do you believe he has the box?’ inquired the Marquis, as I took my leave.

“‘I prefer to believe that it will turn up in my own house,’ was my answer.

"I made many attempts to find the Count, but they were all ineffectual; at last I gave up my search in despair.

"I was sorry to have lost the snuff-box, as it came into my hands in the nature of an heirloom. I determined, however, I would make no fuss about it, as that might lead to the discovery of the thief; and him, believing him to be the Count, I desired to protect. Besides, I imagined the box no longer existed in its complete form, but had been broken up so that the diamonds could be sold separately.

"There was another construction to put upon the Count's act, and it was that he had been unable to resist the temptation of possessing himself of what he regarded as a precious relic of the martyred Louis. Then, again, there was the possibility that the Count had not taken the box at all; but whilst this was possible, I never seemed to regard it as probable.

"About two years after this event I became engaged to your aunt, and then I had enough on my hands to make me almost forget about the poor old Count and my heirloom, until a very commonplace circumstance made the mystery clear. Our courting was not of long duration. All interested parties fully consented to our union, and as I not only wanted a wife, but could afford to keep one in some style, we decided upon an early marriage. But before

The Mystery of the Snuff-Box 13

this would take place I resolved to have my house re-decorated, and some of the furniture replaced by new and some re-upholstered. Amongst the latter was the dining-room suite, which had done good service for more than one generation. There were several ordinary chairs, besides two arm-chairs. These were to be all re-covered in leather. A few days after the furniture had been removed I received a letter asking me to make it convenient to call at the upholsterers' upon a matter of importance and they would feel obliged. Imagining it had to do with the work I had given them, and being anxious that nothing should delay it, I called the next day and was shown into the private office.

"‘Mr. Mordaunt,’ inquired the head of the firm, ‘have you lost anything recently?’

"‘Not to my knowledge,’ I replied readily.

"‘No valuable jewel or anything of that kind?’ was the next question.

"‘I certainly lost a very valuable heirloom about two years ago. It disappeared at a luncheon party; but that, of course, it cannot be,’ I said confidently.

"‘May I ask if the luncheon took place in the room from which we have removed the dining-room suite?’

"‘Yes, yes!’

"‘May I further ask what it was you lost?’

14 The Savage Club Papers

“‘Certainly. A diamond snuff-box, bearing the name inside of my grandfather, the Chevalier Louis d’Avignon.’

“‘Then,’ replied the upholsterer, ‘I am happy to say it has been found.’

“‘Found! Where?’ I asked in astonishment.

“‘Under the seat of the larger arm-chair. It must have slipped down between the side of the seat and the arm of the chair and become firmly jambed at the bottom,’ was the answer I received.

“It all flashed upon me. The Count had passed the box back to me, and I had intended to place it in the side pocket of a coat I was wearing, instead of which I had thrust it into the place where it had lain all this time. My pleasure at finding the precious bequest was largely discounted by the recollection of the Count’s sufferings on the day of its disappearance. Once more I attempted to find him. I advertised in the daily newspapers, requesting him or any one who knew his whereabouts to communicate with me, as I had an important communication of a welcome nature to make to him. I wrote to every guest who was present at that memorable luncheon, telling them the box had been found. In my letter to the Marquis de Bergne I begged that he would make strenuous efforts to find our mutual friend,

The Mystery of the Snuff-Box 15

and this he readily promised, expressing his delight at the discovery of the box.

“The day of my marriage came in due course, and made me the happy husband of as good a woman as ever lived. At that time it was fashionable to spend one’s honeymoon in travelling; ours was spent amongst the delightful scenery of the Channel Islands. One day we were walking along one of the pretty embowered lanes for which Jersey is famous, when a mourning coach drove slowly past. It stopped at the entrance to a pretty cottage. An old man in deep mourning alighted. I noticed that he tottered as he attempted to walk along the garden path to the door. I stepped forward quickly to assist him.

“‘Permit me,’ I said, ‘to assist you.’

“He turned and looked at me. It was the Count de MontEpin.

“‘Count!’ I exclaimed in astonishment.

“He seemed not to recognise me.

“‘Don’t you know me?’ I asked.

“‘Know you! I beg pardon. Yes, yes! It is Mr. Mordaunt—Mr. Arthur Mordaunt,’ he replied, as his face suddenly lighted up; and then he continued, ‘You come on a sad day. My wife, the only being on earth I had left to love me, is dead.’

16 The Savage Club Papers

“‘The Countess dead?’ I repeated.

“‘Yes, and to-day she has been laid where I shall soon join her,’ he murmured.

“‘Count, I have made every effort to find you, but without avail. You remember that snuff-box——?’

“‘I tell you I have not got it. I did not take it,’ he broke in petulantly.

“‘I know. I know you did not, and I have been trying to discover your whereabouts to tell you so. It has been found, and I have it now,’ I said.

“‘Thank God!’ he exclaimed.

“I assisted the old man into his room, and presently, when he was composed, I asked him if I could be of any service to him. I hinted that my means were larger than my wants. But he declined my offer, assuring me that for the short time he had before him he had more than enough for his few necessities.

“Before taking my leave I asked him if he would do me the favour to tell me the reason he objected to do as the others had done on the memorable day, and empty his pockets.

“The Count’s face flushed; then, after a moment’s silence, he said slowly,—

“‘Yes, I will tell you, for she is dead and there is no

The Mystery of the Snuff-Box 17

one whom I can disgrace now except myself, and that matters not. My reason was, I had already something in my pockets that I had stolen.'

"'Stolen!' I echoed in amazement.

"'Yes, stolen,' he responded. 'In my pockets was some food I had taken from your table for my starving wife.'

"The Count covered his face with his hands, and I heard a great sob escape from his lips.

"I respected his grief, and went out, silently."

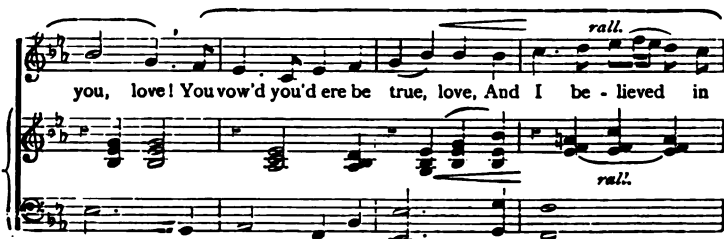
COLLEEN RUE.

AN IRISH LILT.

Specially written and composed for "THE SAVAGE CLUB PAPERS."

Slow, and with feeling.

Words and Music by F. ST. JOHN LACY.



Colleen Rue

19

tempo.
 you! I nev - er loved but you, love! But now you've proved un -
f *tempo.*
 - true, love, And broke my heart in two, love—My lost love, my Colleen
f *p* *ad lib.*
 Rue!
A little quicker.
 I left my home and coun - try, I

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a tempo marking. The lyrics are: "you! I nev - er loved but you, love! But now you've proved un - true, love, And broke my heart in two, love—My lost love, my Colleen". The piano part features a strong bass line with chords. A section of the score is marked *ad lib.* (ad libitum). The score continues with a vocal line for "Rue!" and a piano accompaniment. The final section is marked *A little quicker.* and contains the lyrics "I left my home and coun - try, I". The score ends with a final piano chord.

The Savage Club Papers

dared what man dare do; My life of toil on foreign soil Was all for love of

rall. e dim. you I.... I nev - er loved but you, love, But you have proved un-true, love, And

rall. tempo primo.

Slower. broke my heart in two, love—My lost love, my Col - leen Rue!

nessa voce. *p* *f* *p*

AFTER LONG YEARS.

BY CHARLES COLLETTE.

EARLY in 1862 I was serving with my Regiment, the 3rd Dragoon Guards, at Ahmednuggur in the Deccan, as junior cornet. I was in charge of our regimental theatre, and produced amongst many other pieces the old Strand burlesque *Esmeralda*. Joe Fitzgerald—poor old chap! he lately joined the majority, as colonel-commandant of the Duke of York's School—was my *Esmeralda*, and a brother cornet, George Childs—who until recently held the important appointment of Chief Commissioner of Police at the Mauritius—was a magnificent Quasimodo. A smart, bright-eyed lad of about ten, the son of one of our sergeants, and a capital clog- and step-dancer, I cast for the Goat. Clad in a skin dress, with horned mask, and shod with wooden clogs, the boy performed a series of amusing antics, and in a general "dance off" which formed the finale to one of the scenes of the burlesque

he used to do a grotesque dance which was always vociferously encored.

• • • • •

In March 1884 I was fulfilling an engagement with my company at Manchester, and had gone over to Liverpool to see the Grand National run. The news of Prince Leopold's death reached the race-course that afternoon (March 30th), and I remember seeing His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales drive rapidly from the course with Lord Nelson, whilst many hundred heads were uncovered in silent and respectfully affectionate sympathy. On returning to Manchester, I and my old friend Captain (now Colonel) Hargreave, who had accompanied me to the races, were taking a "peg" together in the refreshment room of the central station. At the far end of the bar I saw three men of my old regiment—a squadron of the 3rd Dragoon Guards lay in Hulme Barracks. I did what I always do when I spot the old "canary" *hangers*. I went up to the men. Three fine, smart, well set up, flat-backed, deep-chested, typical dragoons they were, one a troop-sergeant-major, the other two

"Sergeant Major," said I, "will you and your comrade take a drink with me?"

After Long Years

23

"You are very kind, sir," he replied politely, but with a tinge of stand-offishness. "I am drinking with my friends."

"So I perceive," I continued, "but I wish you to do the same with me!"

"I really don't see, sir," said the troop-sergeant-major, with a slight exhibition of supercilious impatience, "why we should accept the hospitality of a stranger!"

I confess I was rather taken aback by the implied rebuke, but returned to the charge, and excused my intrusion on the score of having served as an officer in their regiment, adding that it was my great pleasure, whenever I met the uniform, to have a friendly chat with the wearers, and *not* "*à gosier sec*." The men pulled themselves together and drained their tumblers. I called for "drinks round," and we clinked our glasses and drank success to the old regiment with which I had spent such happy years.

"By the way, sir," said the sergeant-major, "I didn't catch your name!"

"You could hardly have known me," said I. "I must have left the service before your time. My name is Collette."

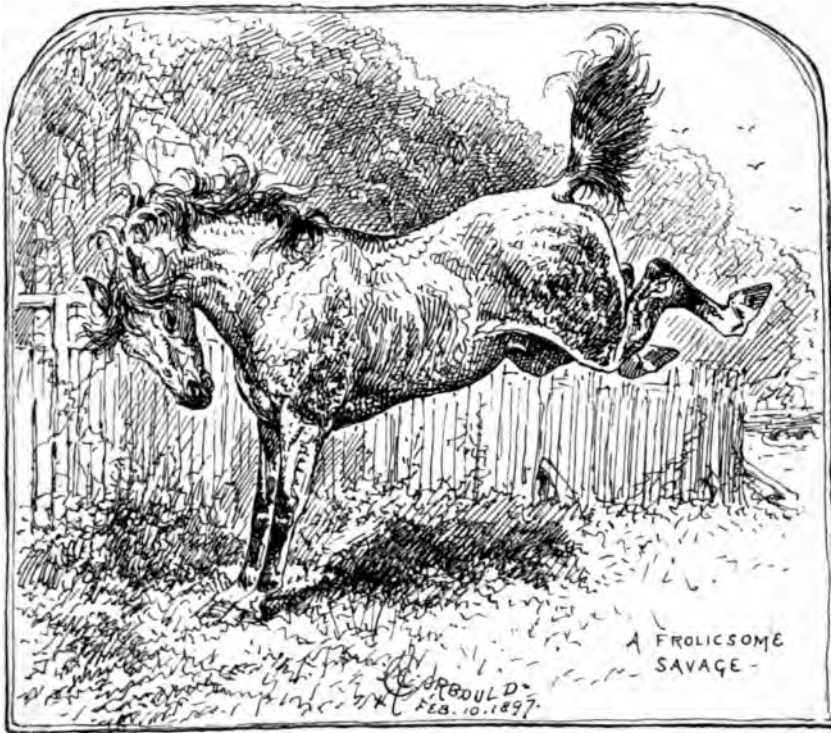
"Were you Cornet Collette, sir?" inquired my new friend, opening his eyes with pleased surprise.

I acquiesced.

"You remember, sir, when you produced *Esmeralda* at 'Nigger' in 'sixty-two?"

I again assented.

"Well, sir," rejoined the troop-sergeant-major, squaring his shoulders, bringing his heels together with a "click," and his hand to his forage-cap, while a look of reminiscent pride stole over his frank, bronzed face—"Well, sir, *I was the Goat!*"



LORD LOVELL AND LADY NANCY BELL.

AN UP-TO-DATE VERSION OF A VERY OLD BALLAD.

BY GEOFFREY THORN (CHARLES TOWNLEY).

“**L**ORD Lovell he stood at his Castle gate”—
The ballad is wrong, I declare.

'Twas just at the door of his fair's town house,
Located in Grosvenor Square.

Nor was he then combing his milk-white steed,
When his love came tripping it down—

'Twould scarcely be thought an appropriate task
For a dapper young man about town.

'Tis true that she wished her lover “Good speed,”
With a lisp, in a simpering way;

And true that he stuttered the sort of thing
It's usual for lords to say.

She asked him, of course, how long he'd be gone
On his mission to Bangaroo?

And promised to think of him ever so much,—
When she'd nothing better to do.

She gave him the tip of her lily-white hand,
Which he raised, with his own, on high,
And wagged it once, as Society does,
When Society says "Good-bye."

He rode, and he rode, in a common street cab,
Till he came to Victoria, where
The common street cabman bad-lingued his eyes,
For paying him more than his fare.

He took a first-class, in a train *de luxe*,
To Brindisi, for Bangaroo,
For *viâ* Brindisi was, he said,
The Brindisi-est thing to do.

He had not been gone a year and a day,
When, as Anglo-Indians do,
With brandy and spice he very soon turned
His nose to cerulean hue.

Then languishing thoughts came into his head—
They do when your foods don't agree ;
He thought he'd apply for a long sick leave,
And look up his Lady Nancee.

Lord Lovell and Lady Nancy Bell 29

He went off at once, by overland route,
As fast as a fellow could go
When he flies on the wings of true, true love, --
That's poetry for "P. and O."

He rode, and he rode, in a Dover express,
Arriving quite safe—not sound,
When he heard St. George's bells ring, and saw
The people all gathering round.

"What is the matter?" Lord Lovell he said,
"Oh, what's the disturbance?" said he.
"A lady is wed," an old maiden said,
"And some call her Lady Nancee."

He ordered his cab to be opened wide,
And the cabby to set him down,
And then he saw his love come forth,
In a duck of a wedding gown.

He saw her the bride of a Coldstream Guard,
And he saw all his hopes a wreck;
He stood like a stone till some cold, cold rice
Came a-trickling a-down his neck.

30 The Savage Club Papers

Then into the cab he scrambled apace.

“Cabby, drive me to—well,” said he,
“To the club to dine, and then call at nine
The Empire I’ll ‘do’ for a spree.”

He didn’t take on in a weeping way,
Never swore that his heart would break,
But sent “Best wishes” to Lady Nancee,
And Nancy responded with cake.

Nancy she lived to be mother of nine—
And quite enough for one quiver!—
And died, when she died, of old, old age—
Lovell, he died of his liver.

Lord Lovell was laid ’neath a cypress-tree,
Lady N—— ’neath a green, green laurel,
And out of their loves there grew, so they say,
This very appropriate moral:—

Ne’er leave a maiden to languish at home.
If you’ve a heart you can give her,
Give it, take her wherever you go; and
Take better care of your liver.



[Drawn by PHIL MAY.]

"BELPHEGOR."

"Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."



HOW I GOT TO SANDRINGHAM.

A JOURNALIST'S EXPERIENCE.

BY GERALD FITZGIBBON.

LATE one Saturday evening, nearly a quarter of a century ago, the editor of a London Sunday newspaper said something like this to me: "A private telegram of an alarming character has been received at the Athenæum Club respecting the condition of the Prince of Wales. It appears that the fever has assumed a very serious aspect, and that great anxiety prevails in the family circle at Sandringham. We ought to have a telegram from Sandringham to-morrow. No newspaper has as yet sent down a special correspondent to Sandringham. It would be well for us to lead the way. Would you mind running down there at once?"

"All right; but I cannot do much there without an introduction. And how about the trains? It's rather late. Shall I catch a train to-night that will get me anywhere near to Sandringham do you think?"

34 'The Savage Club Papers

"You can make your mind easy about the necessary introduction. I can give you one that I am sure you will find in every way useful. Come across to the Garrick Club as soon as possible, and we will see about the train, et cetera. You can go from there to the station."

I found that a great rush had to be made to catch the last train to Lynn, the nearest available point, we had been told, to Sandringham. The Great Eastern Railway used to be then called, if I remember rightly, the Eastern Counties Railway, and its terminus was in Shoreditch, nearly opposite the well-known theatre of that locality. I arrived at the station a couple of minutes or so late for the last train to Lynn. What was to be done? To go back to the editor and proclaim myself a failure was out of the question, yet I was haunted for some time with that horrid eventuality. I worried every person who looked like an official as to what other means existed by which I could reach Sandringham on the coming Sunday morning. The last train to Lynn was already some miles away from me. No hope in the Lynn quarter. A happy thought! Was there any train that night that ran to somewhere near Lynn? A new train had just come into the station. The officials busied themselves about it. Soon the carriages were entered by persons I presumed to be

How I Got to Sandringham 35

passengers. "For what place is this train?" inquired I as coolly as possible, though I was at the time literally saturated with a combination of perplexity, worry, excitement, and all the other embarrassing feelings that one is liable to on such an occasion.

"To Ely."

"How far is that by road to King's Lynn?"

"About forty miles, and a roughish road into the bargain."

"Good;" and I rushed off to the booking office for a ticket, hearing a voice behind me saying—I believe it was the official I had been speaking to—"As mad as a hatter!" No matter. I got my ticket, made myself, favourably I think, acquainted with the guard and with men in charge of mail-bags. It happened to be a mail train. By this time, thanks to my newly made friends, I began to see my way to success, in spite of all the drawbacks by which I had been pestered. You may not believe it, but it is true—instead of remaining in my "first" carriage, which, by the bye, I had all to myself, I, at the first stoppage, got into the mail-bags and letter sorters' compartment, and rode with them into Ely when Sunday morning was about thirty minutes old.

All was arranged. I was introduced to a certain person.

The Savage Club Papers

After we'd all had some good refreshment at the Ely
restaurant, we went to church on Sunday to *bona fide*
church. We were sitting next with a not very small
man who was fairly old I should want during my
visit to Ely with some a middle-aged portion of Norfolk,
I happened to be snowing, the "certain
man" to be in the back of the Cathedral, where I made
a acquaintance to a smart-looking mail-cart and horse
man, a young, well-appeared man, the driver, who
I should be a very agreeable young fellow indeed.

The next morning we bade a hearty good-bye to the good ~~company~~, the "certain person," and drove bravely ~~about~~ into the sleek and snowy and windy wilderness to ~~keep us~~. According to arrangement, whenever we came to a village or a town I had to get out and walk as long as a human being was in sight, and I was to be "picked up" somewhere beyond. I performed my part of the compact religiously enough, but not willingly, not enthusiastically, not as if I liked it. On the contrary, I grumbled, and I should have liked to use some vigorous language.

The man ~~was~~ a brick. He more than fulfilled his part of the agreement. He enlivened the dreary way by songs and anecdotes of very original types indeed. At every town and village he seemed to be well known. At a

How I Got to Sandringham 37

couple of inns where changes of horses took place, he was, emphatically, a welcome guest. He even ventured to allow me to enter into these two hostelries. Between two and three o'clock in the morning I was ushered into a very large apartment in one of these roadside establishments, where I found seated close upon a dozen rough-looking men, smoking and, I think I may add, drinking, in front of a huge turf fire. Coming in from the cold, damp night air, after a long, dreary, miserable drive, I tell you that the sight of that big room—the, as I thought, grand fire, the lazy fellows so unbecomingly bringing in the English Sabbath, with the wholesome accompaniment of a turfy aroma—was a most agreeable one, an oasis in the desert sort of thing, a veritable haven of rest. After doing honour to all the “refreshers” we managed to have brought before us, we remounted and on, on again, through the mist and slush and cold.

The driver, after another long, miserable time of it, suddenly came to a standstill, and spoke to me seriously and indeed pointedly. We were just about to enter King's Lynn. I must get out. So far as his vehicle was concerned he had done with me. I must pretend, if I met anybody, that I had been suddenly thrown from the clouds during the snowstorm, or that I was the Wandering Jew, or a

THE STRANGE CASE PAPERS

It was a very cold day in the morning of that day, never saw him, and I never saw him, and I never heard of him. I was a post-cart man, and I was a post-cart man, and I was a post-cart man. How should he know? I was a post-cart man, and I was a post-cart man, and I was a post-cart man. He had done a great deal of work, and he had done a great deal of work, and he had done a great deal of work. I was a post-cart man, and I was a post-cart man, and I was a post-cart man. He would not know me, and he would not know me, and he would not know me. It was a post-cart man, and it was a post-cart man, and it was a post-cart man. The P.O. department was a post-cart man, and the P.O. department was a post-cart man, and the P.O. department was a post-cart man. He would be for ever after, and he would be for ever after, and he would be for ever after. I solemnly promised the "poor" man, and I solemnly promised the "poor" man, and I solemnly promised the "poor" man. He called him, and he called him, and he called him. He laughed, and he laughed, and he laughed. I could not laugh, but I could not laugh, but I could not laugh. I have always indulged in the, and I have always indulged in the, and I have always indulged in the. There was something in it, and there was something in it, and there was something in it.

It was a half-past four o'clock on a Sunday morning, and I was in a place in which I had never set foot before in my life! Awakened, I must have a lie-down somewhere. After my night's rest, I had a drive in the snow I probably presented the appearance of a very badly used ghost. Fortunately my police were about, at least, no specimen of that craft came within my ken. It must have been half-past five, or there abouts, when a man, sweeping out a path for a horse, attracted my attention. I plucked up

How I Got to Sandringham · 39

courage to question him as to where I could get a lodging. The place he was sweeping was the entrance to a workshop. Next door was a small hotel, kept by a "most respectable widow party." He knew the back way into the house. He, in fact, knew "them" all well. He would enter backwards and open the front door for me. He would also knock "them" up, and he was sure I could have a room and every comfort. How kind! And from a stranger to, I have no doubt, a very questionable-looking character. He did all these things, and his asseverations were realised to the full. After two or three hours' sleep, I got through an enormous breakfast. A horse and trap arrived in front of the hotel punctually at the time appointed, and I drove over to Sandringham Hall, where my credentials gained me, not alone a courteous reception, but the use of a room to myself, and the use also of the telegraph-wire to all parts of the United Kingdom.

Very soon afterwards some of the London dailies woke up to the importance of the occasion, and sent "specials" to Sandringham. The indelicate personalities, and the outrageously vulgar "gush" of one of those "specials," had, however, the effect of putting a stop to all press privileges at Sandringham Hall, and the representatives of the various newspapers were, during the remainder of the

Peacock's illness, obliged to confine themselves to the little village adjoining.

I was the first London journalist allowed to quarter himself at Sandringham Hall, on the ever-memorable occasion, late in 1871, to which I have been referring, and my mode of getting there at the outset was, you will admit, out of the common. The hotel people never, I believe, came to know who I was—why I “arrived” every Saturday afternoon, drove to Sandringham Hall every Sunday morning, and left Lynn every Monday morning. My first arrival was a surprise and a puzzle to them. My final departure was equally unceremonious and mysterious.



Written for "THE SAVAGE CLUB PAPERS."

Ghittarata.

Words by REGINALD BARNETT

Music by EUGENE BARNETT.

8^o

1. If you could know how lonely
2. If you could see my sorrow,

8^o

The Savage Club Papers

Life with - out love must be, Tho' for a mo - ment on - ly,
If you could hear me pray, You would not wait the mor - row,

Hast - en you would to me. If you could guess the power Of woman's smile to
You would be here to - day: And if you knew the thrilling, The long - ing of my

cheer, You would not grudge an hour Of com - fort here, You would not
heart, You would come to me willing, Nev - er to part, You would come

cres.

Dal 8 and Verse.

grudge an hour Of com - fort here.
to me wil - ling, Nev - er to part.

Dal 8

SOME PRESS REMINISCENCES.

BY EDWARD E. PEACOCK.

NOBLESSE oblige. Amongst the half-forgotten recollections which I take at random from the dusty shelves of memory, the first place shall be given to a truly royal act of courtesy in days when the worker in journalism could not always count upon receiving even ordinary civility from those with whom he was brought into contact.

About a quarter of a century ago the King of the Belgians, while on a visit to London, manifested—not for the first time—his interest in the Volunteer movement by holding a reception of Volunteer officers, which it was my lot to attend. Just before His Majesty entered the room a fussy individual, who appeared to have constituted himself Master of the Ceremonies, directed those present to form a semi-circle in order that they might be individually introduced to the King as he passed round.

Some Press Reminiscences 45

which the King showed me courtesy, for at his departure he beckoned myself and a colleague on the platform at Charing Cross Station to approach him, in order that he might say a few kindly words and bid us good-bye.

The peculiar form of self-conceit known as "swelled head" is not confined to those who have contrived to push their way into the charmed circle which surrounds royalty. It has been known to exist in Members of Parliament. During one of the all-night sittings which made the session of 1881 historical, I had need to communicate with a Minister who was reclining half-asleep near the gangway end of the Treasury Bench. The principal doorkeeper at the entrance to the House assured me, with a suppressed yawn, that all his messengers were worn out with fatigue and had gone to lie down. When my patience was almost exhausted with waiting I saw approaching a Member whom I knew to be on friendly terms with my late chief and fellow-Savage, Henry M. Dunphy. Explaining my dilemma I asked him to do me the favour of handing my card to the Minister, who was only a couple of yards from his own seat. Drawing himself up to his full height he observed haughtily,—

"Sir, they keep messengers here for that sort of thing!" and stalked into the House.

46 The Savage Club Papers

Amongst a little knot of amused onlookers in the nearly empty lobby was Sir H. M. Jackson, the Member for Coventry, who followed immediately the Member whom I had accosted. Perceiving my annoyance at the rebuff, he approached and said,—

“I gather that you wanted your card taken into the House. Will you permit me to take it?”

“Ah!” remarked a bystander, as he passed through the doorway, “it is easy to see the difference between a gentleman and a snob.”

The elevation of Sir Henry Jackson to the Bench was gazetted a few weeks later, but unhappily he died almost before he had entered upon his well-earned dignity as a Judge of the Chancery division.

It was during these same dreary all-night sittings that I achieved the unique distinction, for a reporter, of being cheered by the House of Commons. In the early hours of the morning I had gone home, leaving a colleague on duty until I could relieve him at 8 a.m. When at that hour I re-entered the Reporters' Gallery, refreshed by bed, bath, and breakfast, and wearing a smart flower in my button-hole, the wearied Members below looked up, and, amused by the contrast between my fresh appearance and their own jaded and disreputable aspect after sixteen

hours' sitting, gave me a good-humoured cheer as I stepped into my box.

Mr. Disraeli was always most considerate and courteous to journalists, perhaps not without some recollection of the time when he was himself a contributor to the press. My frequent professional visits to Hughenden are enshrined amongst my pleasantest memories. Not only was everything done by Mr. Disraeli himself to make those whose duties brought them there feel thoroughly at home, but the same spirit animated his private secretary, Mr. Montagu Corry, his confidential man of business, the late Sir Philip Rose, and indeed, all by whom he was surrounded.

The annual flower-show of the villagers was the great *fête*-day of Hughenden during Mr. Disraeli's lifetime, since he usually made it the occasion for delivering one of those characteristic speeches which set all England, and sometimes all Europe, talking the next day. The late Chancellor of the Exchequer may perhaps remember one of those speeches. It was made at a time when the political future of a brilliant young Member of Parliament—a certain Mr. Vernon Harcourt—seemed involved in some doubt. People were saying that his incisive attacks upon Mr. Gladstone's ministry indicated a disposition to throw in his lot with the Conservative party, and that Mr.

Disraeli was being so anxious to secure the admission of so many of his friends. Mr. Vernon Harcourt was a guest at the dinner. Many at the time of the flower-show, and so were Mr. Disraeli at the luncheon which followed.

The dinner was an affair which made it extremely uncomfortable whether I could get a report of it or not. I was at home at home at time for the special edition of the paper, which I represented, and I was in a state of great anxiety. After pondering over the matter, I decided to go to the house of action, and when a note from Mr. Montagu came, stating that Mr. Disraeli begged the acceptance, by the gentlemen of the press, of half-a-dozen of champagne which he was sending them, was brought to the reporters' table, my colleagues and I preferred a request that the speeches should be hurried on as quickly as possible, as we were anxious to get back to High Wycombe in time to catch a certain train. To this we received the answer that Mr. Disraeli would say all that he wished to say in giving the toast of the Queen, and that we could then leave with easy consciences. The tables cleared, the Conservative leader proposed the first toast, making it the peg whereon to hang a vigorous attack upon the autocratic rule of Mr. Gladstone, which, he suggested, was only rendered possible by the fact that the

Sovereign (who was at that time said to be seriously ill) was "physically and mentally incapable of performing the duties of a Sovereign."

When Mr. Disraeli had finished, one of my colleagues, the late George Bussy, wrote down the words quoted, and sent them to the speaker, with an inquiry whether he really meant what he had said. The reply came that as the words would probably be misinterpreted he should be obliged if the reporters would omit them. We drove back to Wycombe, caught our train, and, by the aid of a fast hansom, I was enabled to get my report of the speech in that night's *Globe*. Most of us complied with Mr. Disraeli's request, but two Ministerial papers ignored it, and hence arose a pretty little controversy which it is not necessary to narrate here. But the mischief had been done so far as the attempt to enlist a notable recruit for the Conservative cause was concerned. The wary guest had, it was believed, taken fright; at all events, the next day's papers announced that "Mr. Vernon Harcourt had left Hughenden."

I followed Mr. Disraeli through two of his Buckinghamshire electoral campaigns. At Newport Pagnell, where he had promised to speak at a farmers' ordinary, we found, on arrival, that every seat except one or two near the

door had long been occupied, and both the free and independent electors and the host seemed to think that newspaper men ought to think themselves very well off if they were allowed standing-room. That was not our opinion, and accordingly we walked on to the lawn and awaited the approach of the great man. A word or two to Mr. Montagu Corry sufficed to solve the difficulty. In a few minutes he brought down to the landlord a message that Mr. Disraeli declined to enter the room until the reporters were seated at his own table.

At Buckingham a similar difficulty was settled more summarily. My old friend, the late John Butler, chief of the Press Association staff—a man of Herculean build, and, when provoked, choleric temper—found on returning to the room, after a temporary absence, that a burly farmer had taken possession of his seat, and bluntly declined to give it up. Finding remonstrance useless, John put his arms round chair and occupant, lifted and carried them to the door, where he shot out the astonished farmer like a sack of grain, and then returned triumphantly with the empty chair. Mr. Disraeli, who seemed highly amused, paused to watch the little comedy through his eye-glass, and when it was ended resumed his speech.

The Gallery of the House of Commons was not always

so pleasant a resort as in the later years of my occupancy of a seat there. In my early days it was infested with "Norfolk Howards," which appeared to have a special liking for one of my Scotch comrades. Night after night in the hot summer he would come out after a "turn," blistered and raging, and retire to the lower regions to divest himself of his clothes and his tormentors. In spite of individual complaints—for we had then no strongly organised Gallery Committee—the nuisance continued. One of the old Gallery hands, who had no respect for the persons of legislators, used to resent it in a brutal fashion. More than once I have seen him, on finding an offender running over the papers which he had just taken from his drawer, flick it down amongst the Members below, drily observing, "I don't see why we should have a monopoly of them." Whether this had anything to do with the cleansing and disinfection of the wood-panelling by which the pest was at last got rid of, I do not know, but at any rate the Gallery is now more inhabitable than it formerly was.

It is not so many years since the presence of the press in Parliament was absolutely ignored; but even in those unregenerate days it occasionally made itself manifest in various inconvenient ways. *Blasé* and callous in regard to ordinary political matters though a Gallery man may

become, yet there are times when it is impossible to avoid being keenly interested in the fray that is going on below. On one such occasion an impetuous reporter, carried away by his feelings, actually forced a division. The first Member had been waging a losing fight, and it was entirely unexpected in the decision of the chair that the Noes had it. Rather than go to the trouble of a ~~division~~ ^{re-division} the excited reporter, who loudly exclaimed, "the Noes had it"; and as he persisted in ~~insisting~~ ^{insisting} the bells were rung and the question was again put. Again he declared that "the Noes had it," and the Irish Leader, thinking that the voice came from one of his party, although neither he nor the Speaker could hear it precisely, took up the challenge, and nominated ~~him~~ ^{him} for the Noes. While the division was being taken, the official who had charge of the Gallery quietly compelled the withdrawal of the owner of the voice, lest he should be betrayed into some further indiscretion. In like manner I have known an honourable Member beguiled, by audible comments of "Nonsense!" and "Rubbish!" which he supposed to have emanated from the benches opposite, but which really came from an irascible Gallery man, into indignant protest against the interruption and undignified vindication of his position.

Some Press Reminiscences 53

Familiarity is said to breed contempt, and even the occupants of the episcopal bench are not exempt from the general applicability of the trite axiom. One of the old school of Gallery reporters, now deceased, had so long reported the discussions of the Upper House of Convocation that he held the whole bench of bishops in indifference, if not actual contempt. He is alleged to have walked through Dean's Yard with an Archbishop, smoking a short clay pipe, and is known to have put up his note-book and pencils with an intimation to the whole body of their lordships that if they wished to be reported they had better adjourn the discussion until next day, as he was due in the Commons in ten minutes' time. Thereupon said the Archbishop, "My lords, under the circumstances I think it would be convenient that we should now adjourn," which they did accordingly.

And I remember that once a right reverend prelate, promising to supply the reporter with the MS. of his speech, was coolly told, "Then you might bring it up to me in the Gallery of the House of Lords." If no man is a hero to his own valet, certainly no bishop was held in reverence by this hardened transcriber of the eloquence of the Upper House of Convocation.

One other reminiscence carries me back to the time when

public executions were still in vogue. A criminal whose offences had attracted widespread interest, lay under sentence of death in one of the Home Counties Gaols, and until the last moment it was doubtful whether he would not be executed. Probably the most ingenious "Penny-a-liner" in the city had obtained commissions from the evening papers to supply them with accounts of the execution; but being acquainted with the governor of the gaol and likewise minded to save himself trouble and expense, he wrote up, in his chambers at the Strand, a graphic description of the convict's last hours and the final scene on the scaffold, and then, to guard against the possibility of mishap, despatched a telegram, the answer to which he only awaited before delivering his reports at the various newspaper offices.

At the appointed hour a vast crowd had assembled to witness the execution. The prisoner was brought on to the scaffold, the chaplain read the prayers from the Burial Service, Calcraft pulled down the linen cap over the condemned man's face and was adjusting the noose, when the cry of "A reprieve!" was heard from the outskirts of the crowd. Every face turned in that direction, and "A reprieve! A reprieve!" was shouted by hundreds of voices as a little telegraph messenger, holding up an envelope, was picked up and passed along over the shoulders of the dense throng.

Some Press Reminiscences 55

The governor signalled to the hangman to stop his preparations, the cap was withdrawn from the convict's face, and, amidst the dead silence of those around, he stood, haggard and trembling, awaiting the message which would free him from his impending doom. One glance at the telegram was enough! The governor crushed it in his hand, impatiently signalled to the executioner to proceed, and a few seconds later, to the astonishment of the crowd, the unhappy wretch whose fate had been trembling in the balance was swinging in mid-air! Had they seen the telegram, the mystery would have been explained. It ran :—

“From B—, London, to Governor, — Gaol. Wire me if execution went off all right. Reply paid.”



THE LAST MAN.

[Drawn by Thomas M. Henry.]



A GOOD SAMARITAN.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE RIVER.

BY W. H. DENNY.

“**L**OOK ahead! Where the—where are you going to?
Hold her up. Pull your right.”

Bang! crash! The mischief was done, and the atmosphere became unfit for publication. A boat-load of “pirates,” with a display of that usual want of discrimination that distinguishes “’Arry out for a holiday,” instead of fouling the bank and upsetting themselves, had run slap into a half out-rigged gig, smashing up the gig, and sending the sculler overboard into the water.

It was a lovely afternoon, and I was seated in a basket lounging-chair at the bottom of the lawn, lazily puffing at a cigar—we always dine early on Sunday for the sake of the children—dreamily watching the boats as they glided by, causing a pleasant soporific, I might say mesmeric, effect on the senses, combined with the gentle “lap lap” of the

60 The Savage Club Papers

water against the camp shed at my feet. My wife and her sister were comfortably ensconced in a couple of hammocks, slung between the branches of an overhanging chestnut, the dense foliage of which prevented the scorching rays of the sun from visiting too roughly their delicate complexions. We were enjoying ourselves with an Arcadian simplicity and thoroughness when we were suddenly and somewhat rudely brought to our senses by the accident which had just occurred. In a moment I could see the man in the water was not all right ; either he could not swim or he had got a knock on the head ; anyway, he was in a fair way of drowning. The nearest boat was some distance off, and the offending barge was evidently not under control. Not a moment was to be lost, so jumping into the punt I poled off and just managed to catch him by the hand as he was going under. I had rather a job to get him into the punt, as he was insensible, but with a little assistance I managed it, and speedily punted back to the lawn, where my wife and her sister stood pale and trembling. I deposited my charge upon the bank, and while the ladies chafed his hands I fetched brandy, which I applied to his lips. Our efforts were very soon rewarded. There was a flutter of the eyelids, while a sigh escaped his lips. As he did so the lips gently parted and revealed a set of teeth so irreproachably

white and regular that they seemed made to order, with the exception of one, which was greatly discoloured, and consequently very much more in evidence, by contrast with the others. Picture to yourself handsome features, a well-knit, muscular frame, rather suggestive of an athlete, a slim, gentlemanly figure, and you have some idea of the individual I had just rescued from a watery grave.

"Where am I?" he feebly asked, as he opened a pair of large, frank, grey-blue eyes.

"All right," I replied, "don't excite yourself; you are in very good hands."

"But what has happened?" he asked, endeavouring to lift his hand to his head.

"Nothing, nothing—only a slight accident; you'll soon be all right."

"Accident? Accident?" he murmured, and his glance wandered from my face to my wife and from her to her sister Anne, who blushed deeply as the stranger looked at her, not, it must be confessed, without a shade of admiration, despite his damp and otherwise deplorable plight. "But what is the meaning of this?" he asked, as he looked at his saturated clothing.

"You have been in the water—and that reminds me. Come along; I will help you up. If you can manage to get

62 The Savage Club Papers

up to my room I will give you a change of clothing ;" and I extended him my hand to assist him to rise.

"Thanks, thanks, don't bother ; I think I can manage it by myself ;" and he made an effort to get on to his feet, but sank back exhausted.

"Ah, wilful !" I exclaimed, "let me help you."

Leaning heavily on my shoulder, and with uncertain steps, he made his way to my rooms, where we proceeded to change his dripping garments ; but it was apparent that he was not quite in a fit condition to undergo the fatigue, and after a little persuasion he consented, somewhat unwillingly, to put on a suit of my pyjamas, and accept the comfortable hospitality which my bed afforded. I returned to the ladies, who were naturally anxious about the condition of my charge, particularly sister Anne, whom I chaffed unmercifully about the evident interest she took in the handsome stranger. Towards supper-time I went to my room. As I entered he opened his eyes, and after a yawn and a stretch sprang lightly out of bed.

"You are better then ?" I inquired.

"Never better in my life ! I say, I must apologise really ;" and he glanced somewhat ruefully at the damp traces on the floor, the result of his wet clothes. "I've made an awful mess of your carpet."

.

"Don't mention it! There are worse disasters at sea."

"Not much," he replied laughingly. "By the way, I am as yet ignorant of the name of my benefactor."

"My name is Denny—W. H. Denny."

"What! Denny the actor! I am so glad to make your acquaintance, although I could have wished it had been under more agreeable circumstances. I have often met you before, but you have been on the stage, and I among the audience. By the way, I am a distant relation of a friend of yours, Wilfred Draycott—my name is Drayson, Sydney Drayson. Drayson, you know, is Draycott's real name!"

"Yes, I know; he is a very old friend of mine. We were at the St. James's together, under the Hare and Kendal management."

"Yes, I remember, in 'The Queen's Shilling.' Wilfred sent us a box. I enjoyed the piece thoroughly."

"Well, well, never mind that; put on these flannels and come down to supper."

"Supper!" he exclaimed, his eyes wandering to the timepiece on the mantel. "I wanted to get back to town!"

"Then you'll have to drive up, for the last train has just gone."

"Annoying! However, I'm in good company, and my

64 The Savage Club Papers

business can wait until to-morrow. But am I not putting you to a deal of inconvenience?"

"Oh dear, no. Besides, any friend of Wilfred is welcome here, always."

"Thank you; you are very kind," he replied, and slipping on some of my flannels, we descended to the dining-room, where the ladies were somewhat impatiently waiting for us.

"Come, come, Will," exclaimed my wife, "how much longer are you going to be? Remember we are not fairies; we cannot live on air."

"Allow me to introduce you to my wife and her sister. George, dear, this is Mr. Drayson, a relation of Wilfred Draycott's."

"Oh, a relation of Mr. Draycott's!" exclaimed my wife. "He and my husband are very old friends."

"So he has just informed me. Mrs. Denny, I have to thank your husband for saving my life. I am a very poor hand at thanking anybody; but will you,"—and he turned to sister Anne, taking her hand—"will you endeavour to express my deep and heartfelt gratitude to him? I know it will sound far better and sweeter coming from your lips than it will from mine." I rather suspect he gave her hand a squeeze, for she giggled a little, and blushed a good deal.

"Come now, do sit down. Didn't you hear me say I was hungry?" inquired my wife.

During supper the conversation never flagged for a moment. Mr. Drayson was in good form, and the subjects touched upon embraced a variety of topics. He appeared to be a connoisseur of most things affected by gentlemen of taste and leisure, and especially admired an antique ring my wife was wearing—a family relic saved from the smash that occurred to her people some time back, and which she prized very highly.

"Yes, Mr. Drayson," she said, "I only wear this on special occasions;" and Mr. Drayson smiled and bowed as he accepted the compliment. "It is usually kept locked up in my jewel-case; it would break my heart were I to lose it."

"I sincerely trust such a catastrophe will never occur," smilingly rejoined our guest.

"Well, come, come, George," at last I remarked; "it is getting late and I have a rehearsal to-morrow. Don't you think it is time you and sister Anne went to bye-bye?"

"There, that's the way you tyrannise over me! Just at the moment I am really beginning to enjoy myself I am ordered off to bed! Come along, Anne; let's leave

"Please, sir, can you come downstairs? I want to speak to you."

"What the deuce do you mean by disturbing me so early?" I cried.

"I wish to speak to you, sir, particularly," replied Jane.

I jumped out of bed, thrust my feet into my slippers, and, putting on my dressing-jacket, went downstairs.

"What on earth is the matter, Jane?" I growled, half asleep.

"Look here, sir," she replied, opening the dining-room door: "this is the matter." And there was revealed to me a sight which thoroughly woke me up.

The place had been simply ransacked! Every bit of silver, indeed, everything of the least value, had been carried off. Rushing upstairs, I went to see that my wife's jewel-case was all right; but that had gone too—everything, even to the watch and chain from my waistcoat, hanging on the foot-rail of the bed. I was fairly staggered! In my dilemma I thought I would go and consult Mr. Drayson, as in all cases two heads are better than one. I hurried to the room and knocked gently at his door.

"Come in," said a rather faint and sleepy voice; and I entered his room. In as few words as possible I told him the state of affairs, and hastily donning his clothes we

68 The Savage Club Papers

descended to make a thorough examination of the premises. We discovered the burglars had effected an entrance from the lawn by the scullery-door, which had evidently been left unbolted, although both Jane and the nurse declared it had been bolted the night before. We traced the footprints down the river-bank, where we distinctly saw marks—the mark of the keel of a boat in the soft mud, and here and there the turf disturbed by heavy heels.

“A most unfortunate affair,” said Drayson. “Most unfortunate! However, it is never so bad that it might not be worse. I happen to be a distant connection of Howard Vincent. While he was in office I became personally acquainted with a number of the principal detectives, and if you mention my name they will take a personal interest in the matter. Let me see, there’s Steggalls, Andrews—no, Andrews has left; poor Jack Spittle is dead—he was a clever man; there’s Sergeant Record—ah! I know the man who will be best for you—Marshall, Inspector Marshall. Send a wire up to Bow Street, or go up yourself and see him, mention my name, and you will receive every attention.”

We had a hurried breakfast, and rather a silent function it was. The ladies were thoroughly upset, particularly my wife, who grieved very much over the loss of her ring.

We caught the up-Waterloo express. On arriving in London my guest bade me good-bye, and thanked me most heartily for what I had done; and having given me his address in the City, where he said he would always be glad to see me, he jumped into a cab and drove away, promising to return the clothes I had lent him.

I drove over to Bow Street and asked for Inspector Marshall, and was ushered into that gentleman's presence. I soon explained the reason of my visit, Marshall taking copious notes.

"By the way," he remarked, looking up from his notebook, "how did you know my name? Did anybody send you to me?"

"Yes, a connection of Colonel Howard Vincent. He said he knew you very well, and told me to mention his name—Mr. Drayson."

"Drayson? Drayson? I don't remember the name."

As briefly as possible I narrated the events of the day before, and the way I had become acquainted with the gentleman.

"I've no recollection of the name at all," said Inspector Marshall reflectively. "What sort of a man is he?"

As closely as I could I described my guest of the night before. As the description proceeded I noticed Marshall

get more and more interested, and at last he interrupted me with the remark,—

“Had he a remarkably good set of teeth?”

“Yes,” I replied, “remarkably good.”

“All except one in the centre, which was very much discoloured?”

“Yes,” I replied, “that is the man;” and to my utter astonishment Marshall fell back in his chair and fairly roared.

“You’ve been done, Mr. Denny, fairly done. It’s as neat a job as ever I heard of! Why, it’s Flash Teddy, the smartest thief in London. Ha, ha, ha! A connection of Howard Vincent! I knocked that tooth out myself in a struggle while arresting him, and the divisional surgeon, who was also a good dentist, put it back in the jaw, where it remains to this day, but, as you saw, discoloured;” and he went off into another fit of laughter.

“But,” I remarked, somewhat annoyed, “he was drowning, and I pulled him out in an unconscious condition!”

“Flash Teddy drown! Ha, ha, ha! Why, he’s fit to swim against a professional. One night he swam across Regent’s Canal four times, to escape arrest after cracking a crib, an operation he was disturbed in by a constable. Yes, Mr. Denny, four times he swam across, with his

overcoat- and coat-pockets crammed full of silver plate he had stolen; and, what's more, he got clean away. Flash Teddy drown! Ha, ha! No, sir, his ultimate doom will be of a loftier nature; he's as dangerous as he is clever. It's a lucky job for you you didn't wake up while he was clearing your room; he always carries a shooter with him!"

"But," I interposed, "why didn't he clear off himself, if he is as bad as you say? He must have returned to his room, for he was there in the morning; in fact, he and I came to town together, and I have only just left him at Waterloo."

"Teddy's a bit of a practical joker, and dearly loves a laugh. However, I will see what I can do for you."

"But I want to get my property back. Can you manage it?"

"Well, I'm afraid not. You see, what isn't in the melting-pot at the present moment is being examined by the critical eyes of gentlemen more or less connected with the Jewish persuasion. However, I'll do what I can. Good-morning, Mr. Denny. Pleased to have met you;" and with a smile and a bow Mr. Marshall showed me out. As I went down Wellington Street I ran against Draycott.

"The very man I want to see. Have you a cousin or a relation of some sort named Sydney?"

72 The Savage Club Papers

"Sydney? Sydney? Good gracious, no. Never heard of such a person. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," I replied. "I only thought that—that—good-morning, Wilfred."

I returned home, and told my wife the result of my mission. She was terribly annoyed. An examination of the room he slept in revealed the secret of his knowledge of Draycott's real name, for in the top drawer of my writing-table was an old letter from him that I had forgotten all about, in which he referred to his mother by the real name, and his uncle, Major General Drayson.

By the last post a registered letter arrived, addressed to me.

Upon opening it out dropped my wife's ring. The letter ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR DENNY,—I must apologise for the apparent ingratitude on my part; do not blame me, however, but rather blame the state of society which compels me to relieve you of a superfluity of this world's goods. To show that I am not wholly ungrateful, allow me to return the ring Mrs. Denny prizes so highly. I trust the soporific I introduced into the liquor last night was attended with no evil results. With kind regards to sister Anne, I remain,

"Yours very sincerely,

"SYDNEY DRAYSON."

“Well, George,” I asked my wife, “what shall I do? Prosecute, or let the thing slide?”

“Well, my dear, it's no good throwing good money after bad. Let the thing go, but be careful in future how you play the ‘Good Samaritan.’” A piece of advice I have carefully acted up to ever since.

TO A LADY PLAYING THE HARP IN HER
CHAMBER.

(*THE COUNTESS ROSALIE VON SAUERMA-ZÜLZENDORF,
NIECE OF SPOHR.*)

BY MACKENZIE BELL.

I.

LADY, whose conscious fingers sweep the strings
With all the true musician's living power,
I watch your hand, your gentle hand, which clings
To that loved harp which has your touch for dower.
How perfect is your skill! the fruit of years,
Years filled with labour, years of patient thought.
Such tones as yours can move the heart to tears:
With keen delight such tones as yours are fraught.
Now while the soft notes in their sweetness rise,
Now while the wave of music dies away,
I seem to see the soul which lights your eyes—
The soul which lends the magic while you play.



[Drawn by HERBERT JOHNSON.]

"LADY, WHOSE CONSCIOUS FINGERS SWEEP THE STRINGS."



To a Lady Playing the Harp 77

To Music's self how deep is your devotion ;
Your strains are not mere Art—they are Emotion.

II.

You cease : you tell us of that mother's love
Whose goodness was the sunshine of your youth,
Whose smile "made paradise" for you, who strove
To point the way to happy paths of Truth.
You tell us how through Life's dark days of grief—
Through all Life's dreary days of changeful care—
The thought of her fond love could bring relief,
The thought of her fond love could quell despair.
And now I know that in your music's sweetness,
In its most subtle power to move the heart,
In its true grandeur, in its rare completeness,
Your mother's hallowed influence has a part—
An influence present yet, and ceasing never,
An influence gathering strength and beauty ever.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE *PUNKAH* *WALLAH.*

A REMINISCENCE.

BY MAJOR W. G. BOSWORTH.

I N the year of grace 18— after a long spell of unremitting work, I was occupied in the—to me—unaccustomed pursuit of pleasure, holiday-making and sight-seeing in Southern Europe; and how I revelled in my newly acquired liberty, only the tired worker can understand. Shall I ever forget the enjoyment of that halcyon time when I lounged in busy Bordeaux, and stood amazed and entranced in Burgos Cathedral, which *must* have been reared by angels' hands, and not by men of common clay? How restful and invigorating to an overwrought man were the sunny days idled away in San Sebastian, Madrid, Cintra, and Lisbon! At the last-mentioned place it fell out that when I was reluctantly beginning to realise the necessity of facing the question I had weakly avoided until the last moment—*viz.*, When must I positively put an end to these delightful wanderings?—"the Authorities"

Story of a Little Punkah Wallah 79

decided the matter by ordering me, most unexpectedly, to proceed "with all convenient speed" to Bombay—"forthwith" was the unfeeling adverb which modified the verb "proceed" in the document sent to me "On Her Majesty's Service."

Accordingly I took ship to Gibraltar, and there awaited the outward bound P. & O. steamship *The Maharajah*; and it was on this vessel I met my little *punkah wallah*, or fan man, whose important function it was to keep in agitation the huge fan depending from the saloon ceiling. I suppose this queer little anthropological specimen must have had parents, but his indescribably uncanny and elfin appearance engendered in my mind an absurd but irresistible impression that he had come into the world by some supernatural means centuries ago; moreover, that he had never been any younger, and would assuredly never grow any older. He was always called "Joey," but his correct name I never ascertained. At first this odd little image seemed to me more like a very superior and highly intelligent monkey than a "man and a brother," and although on further acquaintance this impression gradually became lessened, Joey occasionally exhibited attributes so unmistakably simian as to temporarily revive it. Nevertheless, I liked the little fellow, and as I observed that,

80 The Savage Club Papers

probably on account of the characteristics I have mentioned Joey was avoided by the passengers—who are generally uncharitably complimentary to a smart little Jewish ~~man~~ and resolutely used by his richer Lascars. I never missed a good opportunity offered to address a kind word to him or to the ~~other~~ and once I gave him some change which he used to make the best use of, with to me, as he was, a happy dance on his cheek, inflicted, as I afterwards learned, by his *Tindal* or native petty ~~shop~~. I was only too sure that Joey reciprocated my ~~kindness~~ to an ~~exaggerated~~ exaggerated degree. He was never idle or ~~unwilling~~ unwilling for me sundry offices, small in themselves but which indisputably exhibited his thoughtfulness and anxiety to be of use.

Although I have often journeyed on the Red Sea, I cannot remember so hot a passage as I experienced on this occasion. The sun was, as sailors say, "straight up and down the mast," and powerful enough to blister the ear of an elephant. The slight current of air being "fair"

that is, in the same direction as the ship's course—we occasionally took a "turn astern," for the purpose of encountering the torrid breeze, which, although hot as the breath of a furnace, afforded us a few moments' relief. How we wished we could follow the advice of the sage,

Story of a Little Punkah Wallah 81

by relinquishing our flesh in order that we might "sit in our bones"! And certain am I that a suggestion to create a through draught, by punching out the marrow, would have been hailed as a desirable amendment.

One night, almost choking with heat, I went on deck clad in my thinnest pyjamas, and strenuously strove to woo "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." At last and at length, after many vain attempts, a delicious breeze stirred my hair and played about my face, and almost before I realised that my little Oriental friend had come to my relief with a bamboo fan, I was in dreamland—that wondrous region whose miracles, like the Genie in the "Arabian Nights," instantly transported me over two thousand miles of watery waste to my dear ones at home. I had in imagination just caught up in my arms my chubby two-year-old boy, when lo! the charm was broken; that imp of darkness, Joey, had fallen asleep, and, striking my head with the handle of his fan, destroyed an illusion precious to me as sweet water to the shipwrecked mariner. As I gazed at Joey, perched upon a canvas stool, sleeping the sleep of the just, his supposed simian origin forcibly presented itself to my mind. I was too languid to remonstrate with the emphasis necessary to arouse Joey, who always slept like one in a trance, but by stretching out

82 The Savage Club Papers.

my hand I was enabled with the slightest possible effort to overturn his stool. He fell to the ground with a crash, and instantly becoming so to speak—more humanised, was possessed by restless energy, and again the grateful spirit washed me to Elysium. Presently, however, I observed I was being washed before a slow fire, and with my eyes squeezed to find my ugly *punkah wallah* rolled up like a black wadded ball, fast asleep in the weather vane.

Annually feeling that words were now useless and the time for action had arrived, I sprang from my extemporised couch and seizing the four-feet-six of black anatomy by the *Arms-and-Shoulders*, I held him at arm's length over the rail of the ship and threatened to drop him into the dark depths of the shark-infested waters unless he swore to me by all his heathen deities that he would fight the dream-punch so effectually as to enable him to properly perform his self-imposed task. With a squeal that singularly suggested the cry of an imprisoned ape he yelled "*Achchah kahkahdu !*" (Good, your Highness !) "me make punkah go all night. Me *not* sleep." The fright the boy had received worked marvels, and for the rest of that sweltering night a delicious breeze enabled me to recuperate exhausted nature.

Story of a Little Punkah Wallah 83

When the scorching sun suddenly shot up from the shimmering sea I awoke, and—ingrate that I was!—thought no more of the little *punkah wallah*. In vain I tried to mitigate my heat-misery under the influence of the deck-hose, from which the donkey-engine was pouring a powerful stream of water whose temperature made me turn my eyes yearningly to the north, where I beheld in imagination the skin-clad Esquimaux skimming over the smooth surface of the Polar ice; and though it was easy enough to conjure up a mental picture of snow-fields and towering icebergs flashing into a thousand prismatic hues under the effects of the Northern skies, it did not enable me to lower the thermometer by the hundredth part of one poor degree. Having fortified myself with *chota haziri* (early breakfast) I drew my deck chair beneath the double awning, and, sinking into a condition of somnolent apathy under the kindly influence of my morning cheroot, I began to see things indistinctly, as through a vapoury haze, when, like a gradually formed image on a magic-lantern screen, there slowly appeared what seemed to be a vision of the little *punkah wallah*.

Thinking for a moment that it really *was* a vision, I half started from my recumbent posture, to realise that the ugly black *punkah wallah* was standing before me

84 'The Savage Club Papers

in the perspiring flesh, grinning from ear to ear and displaying all his glistening white teeth. He salaamed profoundly, with a peculiar wriggling twist of his little body, which was so grotesque, in its similitude to the gesture of an ape, that I could not resist a burst of laughter; whereupon Joey grinned harder than ever, until I was seriously afraid he would never be able to reduce his jaws to their normal condition again.

"Sahib," he said presently, "me like you. You make for me *pucca*" (very good) "master, and Joey make *pucca* boy."

It at once suggested itself to me that it would be rather a curiosity to possess a servant whose ugliness could not by any possibility be surpassed, and one who, notwithstanding that I had almost frightened his small soul out of his little body, nevertheless showed he had developed a more than ordinary liking for me.

At Bombay the Lascar portion of a P. & O. ship's crew is invariably discharged, and a new set engaged, so that I had no great difficulty in arranging with the *Serang*, or master, of the gang, to practically purchase Joey. I told the lad that henceforth he would be attached to me in the capacity of body-servant, to render suit and service for the magnificent sum of eleven rupees *per*

Story of a Little Punkah Wallah 85

mensem, plus a few *pice* daily for his "*batta*" or rice allowance; and in order that there might be no subsequent misunderstanding, I tattooed upon his arm my initials, as well as the date and details of our bargain. He had no experience of his new duties, but his native shrewdness and desire to please me very soon converted him into an efficient servant and a resourceful friend.

About two years after the occurrences I have narrated, chance took Joey and me into the heart of the Sinhalese jungle, whither we had gone with two Englishmen and some dozen servants on a shooting expedition. It happened one day that I saw Joey, armed with a Canadian axe, leaving the camp, and on inquiry ascertained that he had good-naturedly volunteered to fell a small tree which one of the waggoners required, wherewith to construct a break for his wheels.

Apprehensive lest mischief should befall the little fellow, I seized a rifle and soon overtook him. In a very short time we came to a clearing, and Joey selected a suitable tree to cut down. I was watching the boy's dexterous manipulation of the axe with no little interest, when, looking up, I saw a bear on the opposite side of the clearing, curiously and solemnly regarding us. With the instinct of an old sportsman I raised my rifle and put a bullet

86 The Savage Club Papers

into him ; but the shot was a bad one, so I only succeeded in slightly wounding the beast.

As was to be expected under the circumstances, the bear, his fiery eyes glowing with a ruddy light, charged at a pace that would astonish folk who have only seen specimens of his kind in the Zoological Gardens. He was an enormous fellow, and advanced growling and showing his yellow fangs in a manner that boded ill for the unfortunate victim he could encircle with his powerful limbs to administer the "hug," deadly as the grip of a boa constrictor. Putting my hand into the pocket of my *khakree* Norfolk jacket, I found—idiot that I was!—I had, in the hurry of leaving the camp, neglected to provide myself with cartridges ; so there I stood, almost defenceless, facing a brute powerful enough to kill twenty men in as many minutes. Throwing the rifle aside, and draw my trusty hunting-knife—whose finely tempered steel has cut through many a crocodile's armour without turning its edge, and, for small wagers, pierced many a penny piece without blunting its point—I awaited the onslaught.

With low, ominous growls, the bear came on ; and as I waited, with every nerve strained, I felt well assured that I should look upon my wife and little one nevermore. After a short pause, which seemed to my heightened

Story of a Little Punkah Wallah 87

imagination like hours of compressed agony, the brute rushed upon me ; and just when I thought my end had come, the brave little *punkah wallah*, whose very existence I had forgotten, ran between us, and, receiving the full impetus of the beast's charge, fell with a sickening thud on the turf—but not before he had driven his axe truly and well into the ursine head. I flung myself upon the still struggling antagonists, and, by a series of frantic stabs, gave the bear his quietus ; then, all bloody from the fray, disengaged myself, little the worse for the encounter.

But poor Joey, who had so courageously saved his master's life, lay on the ground, bleeding, unconscious, crushed almost beyond recognition, and to all appearance dead. I summoned some of my people, who constructed a litter and conveyed the little hero to the camp. He rallied slightly, and for two days and nights I watched by the bedside of my well-approved friend. As often as I took his hand in mine, he brightened up, murmured "*Achchah, sahib !*" and relapsed, sometimes into the silence of weakness, oftener into unconsciousness.

Soon the end approached, and, deeply as I regretted my inability and unworthiness to administer consolation to a dying fellow-creature, I felt constrained to ask the *punkah wallah* the trend of his last journey. "Me not know,"

88 The Savage Club Papers

said the lad: "father not got, mother not got, friend not got; only got master." He paused, and his weakening voice sank to a whisper. "Little *punkah wallah* . . . go wait for master. He pull punkah . . . for master . . . always . . . he *not* sleep. Good-night, Sahib. . . . *Punkah wallah* . . . go . . . wait . . . for master." And with a stifled sob the *punkah wallah* went.

We laid the poor, maimed body beneath the cocoa-palms, whose punkah-like leaves wave and whisper over the lonely grave. I put at its head a log on which were roughly carved the words "Faithful even unto death." Then, with vision obscured by blinding tears, the grief-stricken master bade adieu for ever to the spot of earth where lies his truest friend.

In many a summer day-dream, here in this dear England of ours, I have looked upon the *punkah wallah* wistfully waiting for his master, and on many a winter's evening, with my wife beside me, and my children at my knee, I have seen their eyes fill with tears as they listened to the oft-told tale of "how father's life was saved by the little *punkah wallah*."



[Drawn by ADRIAN JONES.]

"HERE- STOP THE TRAFFIC IN THE STREET,
AND LET THE POOR, BLIND BEGGAR CROSS."



BELISARIUS IN LONDON.

BY AARON WATSON.

PERHAPS, when Belisarius sate
In some full-thronged Byzantian street,
The Emperor passed, and hissed his hate :—
“He was a traitor ; it is meet ;”
And Belisarius groaned, and drew
The rags about his whitened head,
And dreamed how once the banners flew
O'er fields victorious, strewn with dead.*

Far other dreams are his, who plies
His hapless trade in London town.
He sees, despite his sightless eyes.
The sunlight on the rolling down,

* Belisarius was born about A.D. 505 ; died in A.D. 565. After a life of almost romantic loyalty and brilliant military service, during which he performed prodigies of valour, he was accused of taking part in a conspiracy to murder the Emperor. His life was spared, but his property was confiscated and his eyes put out.

92 The Savage Club Papers

The bluebells nodding in the wood,
The firs that catch the sunset's flame,
The river rolling down in flood,
Are all he knew ere darkness came.

Ah, Belisarius, poor and old,
You of the prosy modern world !
You have no story to be told,
From no great heights have you been hurled.
But oh ! 'tis bitter to entreat !
Nor less than his your sense of loss.
Here—stop the traffic in the street,
And let the poor, blind beggar cross.

It was much harder, sure, for him,
With Eastern sunlight beating down
On his grey hairs and features grim,
Than 'tis for you in London town.
Perchance the legionaries trod,
Scornful, on him whom once they knew,
Whom once they reckoned as a god ;—
My lord's barouche pulls up for you.



P.R. Henry J. Brown

[Sketched at the Savage Club by PAUL REXOUARD.]

SIR HENRY IRVING'S FAULT.

BY GERALD FITZGIBBON, JUNR.

THAT it was Sir Henry Irving's fault is a bold assertion. I hope the great actor will forgive me. A bold assertion I have made, no doubt; but you will find that it is perfectly called for. Sir Henry Irving was undoubtedly to blame. At any rate, he was the chief cause of the very trying ordeal through which a young, good-looking, and interesting couple had to pass. But for Sir Henry Irving they never would have spent a very hot summer's evening outside the Lyceum Theatre. But for him, too, they would not have been the chief actors in this well-nigh domestic tragedy.

You must first know that Mr. Washington is an American. He is not one of your commonplace Americans—not one of those "cussed" Americans whom you read about. He is an out-of-the-way specimen of transatlantic manliness, and related this story to me in the strictest confidence. Being a secret, I must at once tell it to all who care to hear it.

A couple of years ago an Irish maiden visited New York, Mr. Washington's native city, and the spot where he had always dwelt. She came of a good family—descended from kings, I have been told—and possessed a good amount of that friendship-breaking stuff called money. The moment he saw her he knew he loved. The signs are unmistakable. You feel like an idiot. But we all have our attacks. Washington's was most severe. It was only natural. She was beautiful and accomplished—and, mind you, still is. Tall, a delightful figure, laughing Irish eyes and brown, wavy hair. She sang and played divinely. He vowed that she was the only perfect woman alive. We all think that of our girls. They were in the end wed. Minnie Donovan is now Mrs. Washington.

They started from New York, which Washington had never left before, for Ireland, thence to England. Such a jolly time they spent in dear old dirty Cork! What a delightfully jovial and kind-hearted lot of people live in that dilapidated old city! How welcome they make a stranger, especially if his wife is a native of the place! People seem to take such an interest in newly married people too. For my own part, I like that stage of life directly after marriage, but I do dislike Dick, Tom and

Harry to know I am on my honeymoon. To do the thing properly, without letting the secret out that you are just married, requires, like everything else, study. You want to practise it. I have, for I have just wed number four.

They left Ireland in tears and a mail boat. Very shortly afterwards Washington perceived, for the first time, the great gloomy city of London. Some friends procured him a pretty house in the Camden Road. Here they were soon comfortably settled. They had but one servant, the cook who had been engaged for them not being able to come for a few weeks.

It was early in the morning when they reached their destination, Mrs. Washington undertaking all the arrangements, even to directing the cabman. They had the whole of the afternoon to unpack and rest. After dinner the wife, who is of an exceedingly active turn of mind, suggested some place of amusement. He would much have preferred to remain at home and get up fresh next day, to begin his sight-seeing labours. But of course, as she wished to go the matter was settled. You know what women are.

The loving pair decided upon going to the Lyceum. Mrs. Washington told the maid she might go out for the evening, but instructed her to return at a quarter past

98 The Savage Club Papers

eleven, by which time they would be sure to be back. But little did they dream then what was going to happen !

Jumping into a cab, the driver was instructed to take them to the Lyceum.

When they got to the theatre, every reserved seat in the house was sold, and their only chance, they were told, was to crush into the pit.

Washington, turning to his wife, said, "Of course, my dear, we can't do that."

"And why not, pray?" she replied. "I think we can do it, and we will."

When the dear creature, he informed me, says "We will," he always knows it means that *she* will. So they mixed with the hot crowd at the pit-door, and he murmured to his wife to mind her pockets, for which kindness he was told not to be stupid. Ladies have such confidence in pickpockets. To show it, they wear the most easily-cleared-out pockets one could imagine.

Struggling and fighting, they at last got close to the pay-box. He told his wife to go on through and he would get the tickets. As he was about to take out his money, he noticed his wife's pocket wide open and her purse actually hanging half way out of it. He of course seized hold of the purse as she was suddenly pushed on in front.

Sir Henry Irving's Fault 99

He had, however, no sooner done so than he felt himself caught by the collar in a firm grip, and pulled backwards through the remaining strugglers behind.

Almost before he knew what was happening, he was out in the Strand and the purse had been taken from him. The man who had so roughly used him was on one side and a policeman on the other. As soon as he regained power of speech, he asked what it all meant. The reply he got was, "Copped at last!"

"Sir," he said, "where are you taking me to?"

"To Bow Street," was the alarming answer.

"What for, in the name of goodness?" he murmured.

"Picking pockets."

And then it dawned upon him he was about to be charged with stealing his wife's purse, which, by the way, he had given her, as well as the money that was in it.

* * * * *

From that moment until the next day he seemed to be in a dazed state. So would anybody under the circumstances. He had a faint recollection of what occurred in the station. He was put behind an iron bar, and they ascertained his correct height, which he thought extremely absurd.

The first person he noticed was a very jolly-looking



100 'The Savage Club Papers

Inspector, evidently telling a screamingly funny tale to a friend of his. They both laughed heartily, and the jollier they became the more hardened and criminal he felt. At last the story-telling ceased and the jovial inspector turned to him; but his face was not then smiling. He looked at him severely and, addressing the police, said,—

"What is this?"

The detective, as he discovered him to be, who had caught him replied,—

"Picking pockets."

Poor Washington tried to make a remark, but was told he had better remain silent. Inspector McCarthy asked for the particulars. The detective informed him that, owing to complaints of losses of purses at the pit-door, he had been put on special duty. He said he had watched Washington for some time. He saw him get into conversation with a lady in front of him—his own wife, mind you—and ultimately saw him take her purse.

"Well," said the inspector, "where's the prosecutrix?"

The detective, evidently rather taken aback, said she had gone into the theatre.

"Then go and fetch her," remarked the inspector, not altogether pleased with the officer. Turning to Washington, he said,—

...

Sir Henry Irving's Fault 101

"You may in the meantime sit down."

He did so, feeling quite convinced now that he was a real criminal, and not daring to address Mr. McCarthy.

In about an hour's time the detective returned. He stated that the lady was not to be found in the theatre.

Turning to the prisoner, the inspector said,—

"You will be charged with stealing the purse, and probably by to-morrow the prosecutrix will be found."

Then Washington burst forth,—

"My dear fellow, it's all a mistake."

"Yes," said the man, "these things always are."

"But the lady was my wife, and it is easily proved."

The simple answer to this was that "it would not wash."

"Now," continued his tormentor, "what is your address?"

"It's a house in the Camden Road."

"What number?"

"Well, I really cannot for the moment recollect, as this is the first day I ever spent in this country; but my wife knows."

Here the inspector seemed to be seized with inward convulsions. He evidently thought Washington was the most artful and entertaining criminal he had ever met. The prisoner quickly added,—

102 The Savage Club Papers

"I have the address in my pocket-book."

He was at once searched ; and what was his horror at finding that his pocket-book, containing his address and about £30 in money, was gone, as well as a valuable watch and chain.

The look of surprise that must have come into his face as he shouted "Why, I've been robbed !" quite puzzled all present. He wondered why on earth he had not thought of learning the number of his house, and had left his wife to do everything. What a pitiable state he was in—without money, and not knowing where his house was ; and then, too, this awful suspicion hanging over him !

He felt utterly powerless and alone in the world. Where was his poor little wife ? What would become of her ? He was thinking of all this when McCarthy's quiet tones said,—

"You live in Camden Road. Surely you must know the number ?"

"I assure you," he said, "I only got to London this morning. My wife, I recollect, looked in her purse for the number of the house and told the cabman where to take us. She then told me playfully I ought to have a card with the address in my pocket in case I got lost, and put one in the pocket-book which has been stolen. I should say it must be near the middle of the road. I know there

Sir Henry Irving's Fault 103

are three figures in the number to the house, but for the life of me I cannot remember them."

"Well," said the inspector, "this may be true or not, but I must detain you and see the magistrate in the morning."

Turning to the detective, he instructed him to make all the inquiries he could by the morrow.

The prisoner was then led off to a cell, where he spent the most unhappy night he ever remembered. Sleep was out of the question. He wondered whether he would go mad or turn grey by the morning. He likes now to draw a veil over that miserable period. The thought of it makes him shudder. Not that he was treated unkindly. The police were most obliging. It was sleeplessness and anxiety that troubled him. His poor little wife! what had become of her?

* * * * *

Almost at the same time he was so rudely pulled backwards from the crowd, his wife was, in an equally rude manner, pushed forward into the theatre. Had she, poor little woman, been of a nervous disposition, she probably would have become quite bewildered. Unlike the majority of women, however, she is in the habit of taking things calmly. At the time she must undoubtedly have felt very uncomfortable. She was

104 The Savage Club Papers

greatly amused afterwards when she told her husband the whole thing. She informed him that as soon as she arrived at the pay-box she was much surprised at not finding him behind her. Standing on one side she waited patiently, expecting to see him every moment.

Her astonishment could well be imagined when the last of the crowd entered and he was nowhere to be seen. She fancied all sorts of things, but never of course for a moment dreamt that he was being charged with stealing her purse. Going into the Strand, she gazed wildly about her. After wandering up and down for about ten minutes, she thought perhaps he might have missed her in the confusion and gone back to Camden Road.

Hailing a cab, she got into it and told the driver to hurry to the house. She jumped out of the cab and felt for her purse. Her dismay was great to find it was not there. Then his warning to her at the pit-door flashed through her mind. She entered the house, fetched some money from her room, and discharged the cab. She searched in all the apartments.

At that very moment Washington was suffering miseries in a Bow Street cell.

Utterly puzzled, she sank into an armchair and tried in every way to solve the mystery, but failed. As she sat

Sir Henry Irving's Fault 105

there, an Irish terrier which she had had given to her by some friends in Cork came and licked her hand as it rested on the arm of the chair. She patted his head and threw him a biscuit, which he ravenously swallowed.

"Poor old boy," she murmured, "you must be hungry."

Rising, she bade the animal follow her, meaning to give it some food and then go to the police about her missing husband. She entered the pantry, the dog following; and as she did so, one of the most extraordinary things in this little incident happened. It might not occur to a person once in a century.

Directly she got into the place the door slammed with a bang. She took no notice of the circumstance at the moment, but, upon trying to open it, found she was securely locked in. This was the climax to the evening's mystery.

Could some one have been in the house and shut her in there on purpose? or could the lock or bolt have accidentally slipped when the door banged?

She listened breathlessly for any sound without, but there was not a movement. Then for the first time she began to get really horrified, and the tears flowed. She banged her tiny hands upon the door and the dog barked furiously, but it was impossible to make any one hear. The house was detached, so no amount of shaking or barking could

and he hoped it would be his last—appearance in a dock. The gaoler was exceedingly kind to him. He did not force him while waiting his “turn” to stand amongst the depraved-looking creatures who were charged with all sorts of crimes. He was provided with a seat in the gaoler’s own room, for which he will always feel grateful.

At last his “turn” came. He was ushered into the Court, his legs shaking tremendously. There sat upon the bench an exceedingly kind-looking and intelligent magistrate—Sir William Midge. He glanced at the charge-sheet and murmured,—

“Oh! pocket-picking!”

An inspector on duty at once rose and informed the magistrate that there had evidently been some mistake about the case. Immediately the charge was taken the previous night inquiries had been made, but it was only early that morning that anything definite had been found out about the gentleman in the dock. Thereupon Sir William requested the officer who had made the inquiries to step into the witness-box. He did so, and was sworn. He was the same man who had arrested Washington.

He explained that owing to the prisoner not being able to give his address, he had had considerable bother in finding out the house, as Camden Road was a very

108 The Savage Club Papers

long one. At seven o'clock that morning, however, he noticed a servant-girl standing for a considerable time on a doorstep, ringing and knocking at the door. He questioned her and found she was engaged by a gentleman answering to the accused man's name. She had, she told him, returned to the house at eleven the previous night, and after knocking and ringing for an hour had gone to her own home. She came back in the morning, but could not gain admittance.

After listening to her statement he put his ear to the keyhole and heard the distant bark of a dog, and what seemed to be hammering. His suspicions were aroused. He at once got the assistance of a policeman, and between them they gained admittance to the house.

He was greatly surprised to find the hammering and barking proceeding from the pantry, which was bolted on the outside.

Here Washington became greatly interested in the narrative.

He found, the detective continued, a lady, who was much exhausted, and a dog, there. That lady was undoubtedly Mr. Washington's wife, and the purse he had taken was out of her pocket. The lock of the pantry was very loose and, from experiments he had made, it would be very

Sir Henry Irving's Fault 109

easy for it to slip and lock one in. The wife was outside in a waiting-room, if the magistrate would like to see her.

Sir William Midge said he would not trouble the lady who, together with her husband, must have spent a most unhappy night. It was a very extraordinary case, but one that might happen to any man in a crowd. It was a pity the police could not have got near the lady at the theatre and prevented all this unpleasantness. He was exceedingly sorry that Mr. Washington had been put to so much inconvenience, and said of course he would leave the court without a stain upon his character. He advised him, however, to try and grasp the number of his house and to have a new bolt put on the pantry-door.

Washington was too dazed to do more than merely thank the magistrate.

He was then taken to the waiting-room, where his wife was. She was alone as he entered, and the police thoughtfully shut the door at once.

How strange life is, and what extraordinary things happen at times!

I have no more to tell except that the detective who made Washington spend such a dismal night was, a couple of days afterwards, the means of recovering the lost pocket-

110 The Savage Club Papers

book, with nearly the whole of the contents intact. Needless to say he was well rewarded, although I do not think he deserved it.

And to think that all this happened through over-anxiety to see our great actor and distinguished Savage! Those who read what I have written must agree that the whole thing really was Sir Henry Irving's fault.

A CRUISE IN THE TIDELESS SEA.

BY R. I. MAITLAND COFFIN, F.R.C.P.

I LEFT Malta in an Italian steamer and had a quiet run across to Syracuse, which I looked at from the deck, having landed there several times before. We sailed again at nine in the morning and passed very pretty coast scenery, having Etna before us. There appeared to be a great deal of activity in this giant, for in spite of its large patches of snow the heavy column of smoke which rose seemed to be condensed by the colder atmosphere and to settle down into a dense cloud which the sunlight transformed into a graceful white bank, which, as it drifted away slowly, was followed by a similar and continuous process of cloud-making at an altitude of ten thousand feet, until for many miles there stretched from the mountain one stream of cloud.

We reached Catania at noon and dropped anchor about four hundred yards from the shore. One of the passengers being anxious to land, I consented to go also, and the boatman for tenpence landed us "on a boat," from which

112 The Savage Club Papers

we scrambled among men and merchandise to another, and then on to a wharf, where we were immediately met by a heavy cloud of dust which nearly blinded us. Threading our way through carts, cattle, bags, men, women and boys, with our feet deep in dust, we emerged from these difficulties, and after making one or two mistakes, found ourselves in the principal street, through a turning out of which at the end we saw Etna as a background. Catania looks more in the power of this mountain than Pompeii did under Vesuvius. .

There were a great many disinterested applicants for our company to see the lions ; but as we had little time and some sense left we preferred their room, etc., so we told them to look out for the "English ships" soon, and they went their way rejoicing in the prospect of seeing the English (or their money), and we at getting rid of them so easily. We found our way to the cathedral, which is comparatively of modern date, the former buildings having succumbed to earthquakes. There is nothing imposing in the interior ; the carved wood in the choir is very good, and there is a little lapis-lazuli about the altar. It is said to contain the remains of many royal dead. Our approach to it was through some monastic institution, and the juveniles, who were intended in the future to fill the posts of monks, were pieces of human machinery who moved and

A' Cruise in the Tideless Sea 113

walked and looked according to a fixed rule of the Order ; but they quite lost their balance when I gave them a couple of francs, for they showed they had sympathies in common with their fellows who were free outside the walls. The guide took us under the building, and, after lighting a torch, showed us the foundation and arched, crypt-like basement of the former cathedral, which the earthquake had destroyed. Want of time necessitated haste, so we got into a wretched boat (the Catania boats are as bad as those at Messina), pulled off to the steamer, gave the boatmen a franc, and received a volume of abuse in return.

After leaving Catania the coast scenery began to assume a more interesting appearance ; it was bolder and more cultivated, and the bright sun and cool breeze made this part of the trip most agreeable. The scenery increased in grandeur as we advanced ; towns and old castles or ruins nestling away in out-of-the-way places and heights. Then came Taormina, a town with its five thousand inhabitants, a view from which is supposed to be one of the finest in Sicily or Italy. It contains a well-preserved theatre, which can be seen from the steamer, and the various peaks, mountain ranges, gorges, towns, and lovely scenery, seemed to be thrown together in a most wonderful way.

114 'The Savage Club Papers

The Galician mountains looked bold as we steamed away from Livorno, and as the sun began to dip the change of light and shade upon all this high land were very interesting. The dinner came in to supply the place of the chubbers, and by the time we had got through the meal and returned to the deck the night made the boat lights very distinct. Passing the lighthouse, the anchor light, but, we made fast to a buoy between the battery and the citadel, the water being too deep to keep anchored. Thus at half past seven we were quiet on the deck looking at the long row of gas-lights on the Mole and, sitting down in the stillness, indulged in a sleep, which an officer has helped, under excitement, to soothe, and, when thoughtful, to pacify. After which I turned in.

About nine a friend of mine came on board and pointed out amongst the scores of hill-tops one which appeared to be the base of a round tower about five miles off. This he said "we must visit"; so he undertook to make a bargain with the Jehu, and we promised to meet him on shore after breakfast. But those wonderful hills! what do they look like? In the fields at home we see many mole-hills—no, that will not do. They look as if Vulcan had had his abode for a short time in

A Cruise in the Tideless Sea 115

some of the neighbouring volcanic ranges, and had amused himself by throwing up mounds and then left them; time covers them with vegetation, men build on some of them, and thus they form a most beautiful background to Messina.

The weather was very favourable, a nice breeze to temper the heat—for Messina was very warm, even in March—and after breakfast we landed and met our friend, who had successfully negotiated with a driver and obtained a good carriage and pair; the ride before us was a long five miles, and all on the ascent, so that we couldn't hurry. But we wound our way up the ascent very well, passing many native carts, the harness of the horses being fantastically decorated with brass work, which has a very pretty effect, and the carts themselves elaborately painted with subjects, which (being mixed traditional fancies) were frequently intended to mean "Scripture." At any rate the display of artistic taste in the furnishing of the common carts of the country showed that the glories of Italian Art still lingered here like the twilight at the close of a glorious summer day. As we ascended we got peeps between the mountains of things below us, and a nearer peep at our destination, the so-called "Telegraph Station."

116 The Savage Club Papers

My companion, who was an enthusiastic Garibaldian, reminded me that "this was the road by which the Royal troops retreated, after Garibaldi had given Bosco a thrashing at Milazzo." We came at last to the foot of the Telegraph Hill and got out. Here the ascent to the building at the top is covered with short, rank grass and sweet little flowers and stones which sparkle in the sun. We got up safely, and the view and the exertion made it necessary for me to pause before I could thoroughly "entertain" the subject. Here we stood 1502 feet above the sea, on the Neptunian Mountains, commanding not only a most extensive but a most deeply interesting scene. On the one hand "Milazzo," the scene of the Liberator's first victory, which decided the fate of Sicily; on the opposite side were the great bold mountains of Calabria, then with their winter coats on, and the forests of Aspromonte where Garibaldi (not always the most judicious) was wounded and taken prisoner by Italian troops. Then far away are the Lipari Islands with active volcano (seven or ten islets) associated with the name of Æolus at the time of the Trojan War. From time to time suffering from volcanic eruptions, and from the plundering propensities of Etruscan pirates, Athenians, Carthaginians, Saracens, and Normans, they

A Cruise in the Tideless Sea 117

at length became attached to Sicily. Then away to the north-east, a small group of islands and fine old smoking Stromboli, regarded by the ancients as the seat of Æolus, also the entrance to Purgatory, and where confined souls ask the intercession of the monks of Clugny ; therefore, in 1018, Odilo of Clugny instituted the festival of "All Souls' Day." The crater lies to the north, so we saw nothing of the smoking.

While we were at the top of the hill enjoying the scene and the air, my friend got into conversation with a group of students, who were there with their usher, about the man he delights to honour, and it was wonderful to see the effect the name of Garibaldi produced upon them. We took our farewell look at this glorious view, bade adieu to our Sicilian acquaintances, and began our descent to the carriage, which occupied less time than ascending. To go down-hill is always a quicker process than going up, and when- we thought of the time, and the few things we had to do before we left, we didn't slacken, so, winding our way, soon got to Messina, and drove to the hotel to pick up my friend's luggage, and could only get a passing view of the cathedral with its beautiful entrance-façade (of the fourteenth century) and twenty-six columns of granite said to have belonged to the Temple

118 'The Savage Club Papers

of Neptune at Faro. Close by stands the magnificent fountain of Montorsoli, with statues of the Nile, Ebro, Tiber, and the brook Camaro (near Messina), and a number of bas-reliefs. Wherever the name of Garibaldi could appear—Piazza, Strada, Vicolo, Hôtel, etc.—there it was, as if the people felt that he had been the instrument by which the iron chain and yoke had been broken off, and that now they possessed a liberty in which they could breathe, stand erect, and feel free.

Rapidly despatching the business at the hotel and driving to the boat, we went off to the steamer by which we were to go to Naples—of course had a row with the boatman—and were soon moving away from this populous city; and we took farewell glimpses of a monastery on one hill, a fort here and a fort there on other hills, the highest of which, "Dinnamari," is 2915 feet. Thus passing out of the harbour, with its mole and citadel, its lazaretto and Fort Salvatore, we faced again the blue water looking towards the Bay of Naples. We could see Reggio distinctly on the opposite shore, and the lowland on the Sicilian side. These Italian steamers which leave Messina "go," and ours was no exception; so that before long people began to look through their glasses, for we were approaching very notable spots. Projecting

A Cruise in the Tideless Sea 119

into the sea on the Calabrian side is the celebrated rock of Scylla, on which stands a fortress; and as we approach the opening between the Sicilian and Calabrian lands we find, and also by the evidence of our senses are able to decide, that when the currents are much stronger than when I have passed on more than one occasion, small vessels may and do sensibly feel their influence.

Thus we progressed until we safely glided through Charybdis—leaving Scylla on our right—and entered the Bay of Naples. I went to dinner, then came on deck, lighted my cigar, and found that we had come to Stromboli, with its never-failing outburst of smoke. There was no moon, but sufficient twilight to make it stand out boldly in the foreground. It was the last land we should see before making the Neapolitan coast. The future is wisely hidden from view, so that we may not anticipate our troubles or joys; and as the evening advanced, and the people disappeared, the motion of the steamer increased, and soon a small minority only remained to watch the sea by starlight. I ventured below, when disagreeable human sounds, as of people suffering, met my ear; and, when I peeped into the place assigned to me, found that the poor man who occupied the "fort" that commanded mine was as great a sufferer as anybody. So, picking up my great-

120 The Savage Club Papers

coat, I left him alone, and hastened on deck, fitting myself into a corner, and thus got a nap.

It was past twelve when I awoke, and being cold I went below, found the " enemy had ceased firing," entered my den, and was soon asleep. Shortly after six we passed Capri (Island of Goats), 1800 feet at its highest point, and where Tiberius spent the few last years of his life. We had just got into the bay when we saw H.M. Ships *Lord Warden*, *Prince Consort*, *Caledonia*, and *Wizard* steaming out of it. They passed close under the reefs of the island, and we drove our course towards Naples. The fog hung over and hid the shore, not even giving us a glimpse of Vesuvius, which was then very active; so we proceeded to within a mile of the city. Presently the fog cleared, and we got to our anchorage, after a singularly interesting trip, in what may truly be described as one of the most beautiful regions of the world.



Evans

[Drawn by BERNARD EVANS.]

"THERE STANDS AND GROWS A TREE OF OAK."



PEASANT SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.

BY E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS.

' MIDST valleys wide and desolate,
On a sloping mountain side,
There stands and grows a tree of oak
In the splendour of his pride.

The oak is tall and powerful
But stands alone, poor tree!
Alone! alone! Unfortunate!
Like a sentry standeth he.

When burns and glows the noon-day sun
For shade none seek his side.
When tempests rage and fierce winds blow
From storm whom shall he hide?

My Country's Papers

My country's trees are growing near,
My country's vines are twining,
My country's trees stand in sight :
My country's pines.

Oh, oh! grievous solitude!
Oh, oh! poor greenwood tree,
Oh, oh! how sadly lives the youth
Who ne'er his love may see!

Oh, treasures rare my chests are full,
My wealth on whom bestow?
My glory there is none to share
Oh! loneliness and woe!

A TOUGH YARN ; OR, A TRIPLE COINCIDENCE.

BY EDGAR LEE.

I DARESAY there are self-opinionated people in the world who may read this narrative and pronounce it incredible. I myself think it is the most marvellous instance of the distance the long arm of coincidence reaches, and I own at once that it is difficult of belief ; but inasmuch as there are at least twenty men, most of them members of the Savage Club, who can vouch for the facts, having been present and witnessed the incident, I have every right to revile the unbelievers in advance.*

Most middle-aged people may remember how some thirty years ago the whole of England was thrilled with a strange story of the sea so weird, and at the same time so circumstantial in its details, that even grave scientific professors solemnly discussed the pros and cons, while those who had any

* The opinions and statements of the author of this story are entirely his own. They are not to be taken as representing the views either of the editor or other members of the Club.

126 The Savage Club Papers

faith at all in the supernatural were confirmed in it. The story has often been repeated since in magazines and in those papers which make fortunes on what they pilfer from honest periodicals; but lest there may be any who have missed it, I will repeat it in brief.

The good brig *Dauntless* is bearing due west in the Southern Ocean; the nearest point of land lies at least a thousand miles away. It is midnight and the watch has just changed. The mate goes below to enter upon the slate the incidents of his watch before turning in. At the entrance of the cabin he starts back in horror, for there, under the swinging ship's lamp, is a stranger apparently writing on the slate. The face of the stranger is clearly seen by the mate who, full of puzzled amazement, dashes up on deck and describes what he has seen. The mate is a sober man, but the captain assumes him drunk, until, convinced by his earnestness, they both proceed to the cabin together. It is empty, but on the slate is written in a bold, free hand, "Steer to the north-west."

The captain, a hard-headed salt, with scarcely a tinge of the sailor's usual superstition, calls upon every man of the crew who can write to come aft, and then makes each one indite the self-same sentence; but there is no similarity to the mysterious writing. Then the captain, convinced that

the message is a supernatural one, steers for the north-west, although it is taking him out of his direct course, and on the second day sights a boat filled with shipwrecked mariners who, but for this timely interposition, would have perished miserably. As they come up the side the mate suddenly utters a cry and lays his broad hand on the shoulder of one who turns out to have been a passenger in the sunken vessel. He has recognised in him the mysterious apparition of the cabin, and on making him write out the words on the slate the caligraphy corresponds ; and indeed, the stranger acknowledges the ghostly writing to be his, but can in no way account for it.

This is probably the best authenticated instance of material transference known, and as it was vouched for by the entire crew, some fourteen all told, the story is always quoted against those who sneer at occult anecdotes and decline to believe in anything the physiological or physical reasons for which cannot be given right up to the hilt.

When in 1889 the Savage Club first came to its new quarters in Adelphi Terrace, it was often the custom for members and their guests to sit round the smoking-room fire—on Saturday evenings especially—until a very late hour, and it was here, under exceptional and remarkable circumstances, I heard this story told for the first time.

On the same evening ~~somebody~~ had been relating a story which the ~~club~~ had ~~heard~~ in which the ~~story~~ was ~~very~~ ~~unsubstantiated~~, and a cynical ~~man~~ who was I am happy to say, a visitor from an ~~other~~ ~~club~~ and not a "Savage," had ridiculed the ~~story~~ of an unknown world, when some one in very ~~position~~ told the "north-west" narrative. It was a ~~very~~ night in November, and the story was listened to in ~~absolute~~ silence, for at that time it was not perhaps so ~~generally~~ known as it is now. At the end the cynic sat back in his chair and blew a cloud from his pipe.

"Very interesting indeed," said he; "but I should require to know the names and addresses of the captain and a few others before I gave it any credence. It's a well-established ~~fact~~ that whenever one begins to sift evidence of this kind, one always finds it crumple up. I tell you that unless the captain and the mate could corroborate the story on oath and in every particular—but there, as you say the facts occurred more than thirty years ago, they are probably dead. As a rule when one wishes to prove the genesis of an original ghost story, the vouchers are unattainable."

As he ceased a grey-haired old gentleman, who had come in with a well-known actor, and who turned out to be that actor's father-in-law, slowly rose and said,—

"Gentlemen, mine is one of the most singular experiences I ever heard of. This is my first visit to the Club, and of course I didn't interrupt the story as it was being told, although there were here and there little inaccuracies ; but *I was the captain of that ship !*"

"You !" said my right-hand neighbour, also a stranger to me. He, too, was an elderly man, and as bald as the other was grey.

"Yes, me. My name is Charles Glossop, my ship was the *Dauntless*, and this was away back in the 'fifties."

"And can it be possible," gasped the other, "that you have forgotten Martin Freebody ? I've been looking at you upstairs during the singing several times to-night, and when the old yarn was being spun just now, I really felt I should have to interrupt, for I believed I had recognised in you the captain."

"Who, then, sir, are you ?" I ventured to ask, as the circle unconsciously seemed to gather closer to listen.

"I was Charles Glossop's first mate on this particular occasion, but have never cast eyes on him for thirty-six long years until to-night." Saying which they both gripped hands and looked at one another between the eyebrows in most impressive fashion.

"Well, gentlemen," observed one of our oldest and

130 The Savage Club Papers

most esteemed members, rising to his feet in turn, "you must all admit this to be a marvellous double coincidence ; but do you remember what became of the slate with the weird writing on it ? Surely it was preserved ? "

The captain began to think, when the mate put in his oar.

" Why, don't you remember we gave it to the gentleman at the end of the voyage ? He begged so hard for it."

" Oh, yes," said the old sailor, " to be sure we did. We thought that under the circumstances he had a claim to it, seeing that his wraith or second self had written the message. He quitted the ship at Liverpool, and a very nice gentleman he was. Gifted, too, for I have often seen his name in the papers as a writer of romance, and only last week——"

" Hold hard ! " said the Savage Club man. " If his memory is so green with both, how is it that neither of you recognise me ? "

" Good God ! " said the mate, rushing forward. " Why ! Cap'en, it's the apparition ! "

And it was !



[Drawn by YEEND KING.]

IN SUMMER TIME.



THE WARRIOR'S WOOING.

BY WALTER PARKE.

"I'll woo her as the lion woos his bride."

Henry IV.

WHERE fields are won, and fortresses are taken,
I bear a warrior's part ;
In peace, with courage high, and love unshaken,
I battle for thy heart.

Clothed in the armour of a righteous spirit,
This sacred sword I wield ;
Strong in my cause, whate'er may be my merit,
I call on thee to yield.

It is no common foe that comes before thee,
With boasts that hide his fear.
I mean to make thee—(never to restore thee)—
Prize of my bow and spear.

134 The Savage Club Papers

What tho' thy scorn hath kept me at a distance ?

Our souls are near akin ;

I honour thee the more for that resistance,

And long the more to win.

Rich is thy heart in gracious virtues, forming

A store of priceless wealth,

Which, robber-like, I've sworn to take by storming

Or stratagem and stealth.

Queenly thou art ; yet mark : yon regal tower

Fell, ere the fight was done ;

In war a thousand captives own my power.

Cannot love conquer *one* ?

As some fair castle, long besieged, but vainly,

Surrenders at the last ;

As some brave champion struggles on till plainly

Disarmed and overcast ;—

E'en so the fortress of thy pride and coldness

At length shall topple down,

And thou, the guerdon of thy victor's boldness,

Outshine the laurel crown.

The Warrior's Wooing 135

Yet trust me, it shall be a bloodless battle—

No anguish, tears, or pain ;

No fatal blows shall fall, no death-shafts rattle,

None wounded be, or slain.

It is with Cupid's army I oppose thee,

All skilful with the bow ;

Their nimble flying squadrons shall enclose thee,

Their arrows lay thee low.

When thou art vanquished, and our contest ended,

Safe in thy conqueror's care,

For thee no dungeon dark, but mansion splendid,

Fit cage for bird so fair.

Then, link'd till death by Heaven and Love's alliance,

We'll know no more of strife,

But, strong in perfect union, bid defiance

To all the ills of life.

A TERRIBLE BANDIT.

BY J. E. MUDDOCK, F.R.G.S.

THERE are few old travellers, perhaps, who could not tell some thrilling story of "hairbreadth 'scapes by flood and field": but I doubt if many have passed through a worse *mauvais quart d'heure* than that I experienced, as set forth in the following narrative.

Business had taken me to Milan, where I hoped to remain for some time; but I was suddenly summoned northward, and it was necessary that I should use all despatch to reach my destination. The time was winter; the weather as bad as it could be; and the great tunnel under the St. Gothard was not then completed. As there were reasons for my passing through Geneva, I elected to cross the Simplon Pass, although for many days there had been reports of fearful weather in the mountains, and of roads blocked with avalanches. Undeterred, however, I took my departure from Milan by the afternoon train, and at six o'clock

reached Arona, which is the starting-point for the Simplon diligence.

Summer visitors to this enchanted spot know how superbly it is situated at the foot of sweet Lake Maggiore, and how, in the long summer days, it is a constant scene of bustle and excitement. But as I emerged from the little railway station on that bitter winter evening, the place was like a village of the dead. A frozen stillness was over the land, and the blue lake was maddening in its stony placidity. The sky was cloudless; the sun was just dipping behind the western mountains. Then suddenly, as if the wand of a magician had passed over the scene, all was changed. Warm, soft colouring glowed, where a few minutes before all was colourless. The blue sky flamed with a golden glory, that blended into crimson and emerald green where the regal sun was slowly sinking. This colouring became like a dream-picture; while across the glowing waters floated, in rich, mellow cadences, the sweet "Angelus," and above it rose from various quarters the musical voices of the workers in the fields and the vineyards, as they paused in their labours at the summons of the bells, and solemnly intoned a prayer. In five minutes more, another change had come. The sun had disappeared, the colouring had faded, the "Angelus" had ceased, the voices

138 The Savage Club Papers

were hushed, the lake was like steel; and all was cold and dead. Shivering and famished, I betook my way to the solitary albergo, and consoled myself with such barren comfort as it afforded; for the diligence was not to start until midnight.

It had struck twelve when the old, lumbering vehicle rolled out of the courtyard of the diligence office, and went clattering over the roughly paved street of the village. I was the sole passenger, and occupied the *coupé*. A week before, this very diligence had been attacked and robbed; and amongst other cheerful stories that the people of the albergo had told me, in order to beguile the tedious hours away, was that of a commercial traveller who had been robbed and murdered on the road two years previously.

As I remembered these things I instinctively felt for my revolver, which I invariably carried strapped round my waist on such journeys. As we left the friendly lights of the village behind, and gained the dark, lonely highway which skirts the lake for many miles, I think all the stories that I had ever heard of lonely travellers assaulted and murdered passed through my mind. The night was intensely cold. The road was frozen into iron, and the stars that shone in the deep blue sky were mirrored in the sleeping lake; while the spectral-looking trees that loomed in the darkness



[Drawn by J. STURGES.]

"IT HAD STRUCK TWELVE WHEN THE OLD, LUMBERING VEHICLE ROLLED OUT OF THE COURTYARD,"



helped to make up a picture that had a Dantesque weirdness about it. Nestling in my rugs, and soothed by the rythmical beat of the horses' feet on the iron road, I fell asleep ; but presently was awakened by voices in what seemed to me deep and earnest conversation. The diligence had stopped. I could see nothing, as the glass of the windows was whitened and rendered opaque by frost. I tried to let down one of these windows; but diligence travellers will know that I had essayed a task that might well tax the patience of a Job and the strength of a Samson, while to open a diligence door from the inside is a feat no human being has ever yet accomplished. I therefore had no alternative but to wait the unfolding of events. That a plan for robbing me was being discussed between the villainous driver and *conduc-teur* and some bandits I had not the slightest doubt ; and that my death was a settled question, should I offer any resistance, was to my mind equally sure.

In a few minutes the door was suddenly opened, and a man sprang in—or rather, as it seemed to me, he was unceremoniously bundled in ; and as he sank down at the opposite end of the seat he muttered something that might have been a curse or a greeting. Then I heard the driver and the *conduc-teur* scramble up to their seats, and the vehicle rumbled on again.

142 The Savage Club Papers

"So," I thought, "this is a nice little plot for my robbery and murder, but I'll die hard;" and I grasped my revolver with stern determination.

My travelling companion was a bandit, a cut-throat of the deepest dye. There could be no mistaking that, for he must have stood for the model of every Italian bandit that has ever been painted in modern times. He wore a big sombrero, and his muscular frame was enveloped in a great cloak, one end of which was caught up and thrown over his left shoulder. His face was villainous in its expression—of that there could be no doubt. He had hawk-like eyes that glared at me, while the aroma of garlic he emitted with his breath was sickening. I don't know whether all bandits reek of garlic, but this one unquestionably did.

The back light that was reflected into the *coupe* from the diligence lamp enabled me to see my man with tolerable distinctness; and feeling sure that robbery, if not murder, was his object, I silently drew out my revolver from its case, and placing my finger on the trigger, and the muzzle on my knee and in direct line with his body, I waited in anxious suspense.

He closed his glaring eyes and pretended to sleep; but I was not to be deceived by any such shallow pretence. I never took my gaze from him. I had let my rugs slip down,

in order that my movements might be freer. The consequence was I was half frozen. I had no feeling in my legs or my feet. My whole body was cramped, while my mental state may be better imagined than described. Presently my gentleman moved. He scrutinised me keenly—of that I was convinced. Then he fumbled under his cloak, and in a few moments I heard a click and saw the gleam of steel. My heart leapt into my mouth, and my frozen blood instantly thawed. He was about to spring at me and stab me to death. No sane man could have come to any other conclusion. My first impulse was to call out to the driver, but I checked myself, for was he not in collusion with this villain? I was trapped; but I resolved to kill my man before he should kill me.

A cold perspiration broke out on my face, and a creepy sensation ran down my spine. I pressed the trigger of my revolver, but not hard enough. Why, I did not know, and have never been able to determine since. Another hair's weight more in the pressure, the hammer must have fallen, and a bullet could not possibly have missed going through his body, for we were so close together and the compartment was so narrow.

"I will let him make the first move. The moment he tries to strike I will fire," I thought.

144 The Savage Club Papers

Moments passed. They seemed minutes—nay, hours. I am not a coward, and have faced death in many forms, but I confess never before did I experience such an inward shrinking as I did on being cooped up with this Italian murderer.

At last, when my nerves had been strung to such a pitch that I felt I must shoot him or go mad, I saw him turn towards me; his villainous knife flashed in the light—I pressed the trigger of the pistol, but still the hammer didn't fall! What stopped it I know not—and the next instant the bandit said, in a thick, guttural voice, and speaking in *patois*,—

“Signor, will you accept a piece of sausage?”

He had pulled out a huge Bologna sausage from his pocket, and, cutting a slice off, offered it to me. My heart dropped into my boots, my blood froze again, my hair stood on end—I felt sick and faint. I took the slice of sausage; whether I ate it or not I have not the remotest idea. In a few minutes the diligence stopped. The driver descended, and, opening the door, told us we had half an hour to wait while horses were changed. I sprang out. I seized the driver and dragged him on one side.

“Who is that man?” I asked.

“That, signor? Oh, he's a very worthy and simple-minded farmer. He resides in this village, but you see

he's fond of good wine. "He's been to Arona to sell two cows, and has drunk a bottle too much. He started to walk home, when we overtook him. I was afraid that he might go to sleep on the road and be frozen to death, so I persuaded him to ride ; but he haggled so long about the fare that I was nearly leaving him behind."

This bloodthirsty bandit had gone into the harness-room, where a huge wood fire blazed, by which he was warming himself. I rushed in after him. I seized his hand and shook it warmly. I offered him my flask, filled with rare old Cognac. With a deep-throated "Gratia, signor," he nearly emptied it. He looked amazed, as well he might, and opened his mild, calf-like eyes to their fullest extent. No doubt he was thinking to himself, "Here's another eccentric Englishman!" I uttered a pathetic "*Buono sara*," rushed out, jumped into the diligence, and, with a shudder, buried myself in my rugs.



FROM "LEVELS" TO "LYRICS."

BEING SOME PASSAGES FROM MY LIFE.

BY W. NICHOLL.

IT seems egotistical to write about one's self, but, rack my brains as I will, I cannot think of any other subject suitable for a "Savage Club Paper."

The men who have worked for many years in one profession, and have then taken to another at the age I gave up Engineering and adopted Music, are probably few in number. Notwithstanding the fact that the musical part of my nature asserted itself strongly from the day on which I could scramble on to a music-stool, and grew in its strength as I grew in years, it never suggested itself to my parents, nor to me, that Music should become my profession. On the other hand, the fact that my grandparents had been Engineers, and that my father was one, added to the prospect of going to India and joining him in his work there, made me determine to adopt Engineering as my profession. I gave my good parents no peace till they

From "Levels" to "Lyrics" 147

consented to this, with the result that from school I went to Calcutta and served a five years' apprenticeship with the firm of contractors of which my father was senior partner. He had joined the firm as an assistant in '57, and the one souvenir of his life I value the highest is the Mutiny medal which he won by his coolness and pluck in directing the work of clearing a road for the troops through the jungle in the Shahabad district, the work having been carried out under a continuous fire from the Sepoys.

On the completion of my term of apprenticeship I came home for a holiday, and on my return to Calcutta was at once sent up to the Northern Bengal State Railway which the firm was constructing for the Government. I worked for three years on this contract, and before its completion was in charge of a forty-mile length of line, including the longest bridge on the road. I shall never forget my first introduction to the said bridge.

The day I joined I was in the saddle from four o'clock in the morning to eight at night. I had left Calcutta the previous evening by rail, leaving the train at two in the morning, and starting for my new home the moment it was daylight. Riding along the embankment towards my journey's end (it was pitch dark and I had no idea of my whereabouts), my nag stopped suddenly and refused to

181 The Savage Club Papers

and, walking cautiously down the bank, was at the brink of a precipice, which was evidently going to be one of the "abutment" of the bridge, with a drop of some forty feet to the river. My bungalow was on the river, and never was welcome sweeter than when I got from an old chum ("a brother Scot") in charge of the district. Our life was the life a man could wish to live. In the saddle for six days, plenty of hard work, and the finest sport would at one's very door.

The hot season brought with it an outbreak of cholera among the men employed on the bridge. The first case was reported on April 23rd, in the afternoon, and curiously enough the next year we had, in spite of great precautions, another outbreak, which began on the same day of the same month and within an hour of the same time. I shall never forget the horrors we had to face during these two outbreaks. The men died like sheep. My chum had taken charge of a district up the line, so my only companion was the Government doctor. The work was entirely stopped for six weeks, and we had daily to make a tour of all the huts used by the natives.

I remember one particularly hot day, after a very trying

From "Levels" to "Lyrics" 149

two hours of it among the sick and dying, the doctor had to visit an outlying bungalow and I was left alone. He had not been gone five minutes when I began to feel ill and sick, and for ten minutes I had a bad time of it with visions of cholera and its terrible results. I pulled myself together and went into the sitting-room where my piano stood, sat me down and played for all I was worth for twenty minutes, and, as I played, found the cholera symptoms gradually fade away. The doctor, on his return, said my sickness arose from "*smoking too much*" while out. Perhaps it did, but my agony of mind during that twenty minutes was not easily forgotten, and I blessed my paino and my love of music for the relief they had given me. That piano took *six weeks* on its journey, by boat, from Calcutta, a journey which can now be made in something under *ten hours*.

A railway accident, in which I was shot out of a ballast-waggon (temporarily rigged up to take the engineers over the district) down a ten-foot bank, the waggon (which was smashed to pieces) following on and fortunately going clean over me, is another little incident of my life in the jungle.

Sport had its red-letter day. Coming up the line one day we—the "Chief". and a party of five—were stopped

122 The Savage Club Papers

... some of natives, who reported leopard close at hand, ... their tale by bringing two of their number ... who had been badly "mauled." We were on ... work, so unprepared for "*le sport*." However, ... of guns were forthcoming, and a Eurasian assistant of mine was soon on the scene with his gun and a large black hound. My chum and I joined the beaters, ... distinguished ourselves by beating the "hundred ... record when the natives yelled out "*Bagh ! Bagh !*" (*Tiger ! Tiger !*) and we saw something bounding through the grain and coming straight for us. It proved to be the "dawg." My assistant, growing bold, "walked up" a patch of wheat on his own account and when about the centre of it, "marked" the leopard and called out "Made for the open !" The "Chief" and the second gun, a "Cooper's Hill" youngster who was on his way up the line, ran round to get a shot ; but the leopard turned on the edge of the field and, before we could realise any danger, had sprung into the air and landed on the Eurasian's head. The brute was pluckily attacked by a native, whose only weapon was a rusty old "tulwar" and our "Chief," running up, put a bullet through his head and saved further destruction to human flesh. We found our man badly mauled about the face and right arm, but

From "Levels" to "Lyrics" 151

he soon recovered and was never known to risk his hide again at leopard, single-handed.

So much for my life with the "levels." "Lyrics" must have their share of this brief sketch. Gifted with a quick ear and an aptitude for improvising, my musical education was left more or less to nature. I have lived to regret it. In India, music made me many good friends and a few enemies. I can sympathise now with the hoary-headed individual's disgust who one day found me in the throes of composition instead of being seated on a mud-bank in a grilling sun, superintending my workmen, who were busy on the foundation of a large pumping-station we were erecting for the Calcutta water-supply.

In '83 I resigned my berth, as prospects were not tempting enough, and came home with my wife and "bairns," convinced that with the influence I had a good berth would soon be forthcoming; but nine months of idleness opened my eyes to the fact that, like a good many other professions, Engineering was a glut in the market. An old Indian chum was the first to propose a musical career, and after thinking it over for a couple of months I sang to August Manns, J. B. Welch, and others, who gave me such a favourable verdict that I consulted Signor Randegger, who advised me to join the Royal Academy of

152 The Savage Club Papers

Music. So in January '84 I began a second "schoolboy" life. Eighteen months in that grand old Institution gave me a good grounding, and the bronze medal and Parepa-Rosa gold medal, to hand down to posterity. I then migrated to Florence, had a little more voice knocked into me, and a great deal of Scotch reserve knocked out of me. I continued my studies on returning home and among others had lessons from that grandest of old men in the musical profession, Manuel Garcia. My first lesson is worth recording.

The "maestro" was genuinely puzzled how to begin, for he said, "You have taught for some time and you have sung in public! What can I do for you?"

I could only assure him that I felt it not only a great privilege to meet him, but was convinced that every word he said on the subject of the voice would be of value.

"Well," said Garcia, "I am much puzzled how to commence. . . . Ah! I have it! You are no longer Mr. Nicholl, you are Signor Manuel Garcia—I am Mr. Nicholl. Now, Signor Garcia"—making me a profound bow—"will you be good enough to give me my first lesson in singing?"

A "tall" order, was it not? However, my Scotch blood stood me in good stead, and I buckled to and did my best

From "Levels" to "Lyrics" 153

with the result that we became the best of friends. I look upon these lessons as one of the pleasantest memories of my musical career.

I cannot refrain in this very brief, and, alas! I feel, tame, sketch of my life from saying a word or two to my younger professional brethren of the Savage Club. You may belong to other Clubs, but among no other body of men will you receive such valuable advice and kindly encouragement as from your brother Savages. An outspoken criticism on your efforts to entertain them; an ever-ready desire to tell you of the many beautiful old ballads, which are gradually being forgotten, and a warm welcome at all times; sympathy in your bad hours, and a cheery greeting in your good;—such has been my experience of my brother Savages, and such will be to one and all if they only look for it in the right direction.

I cannot close without referring to two great events in my career as a musician—the two occasions on which I have been honoured by singing to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. In her I found all I have ever felt should exist in the "greatest lady in the land"—kindly sympathy, added to a keen interest in my art and the most gracious reception man could wish.

It was, on the first occasion, my lot to have what

I should think an exceptionally rare experience. Her Majesty was standing beside me (and of course all present had to stand) while I, at her request, repeated one of the songs I had sung. As I played my own accompaniment *I was the only individual seated in the room.*

I mention all this in no special conceit of any "charm" I may possess, for I know my reception is only an echo of all those which have been given to others.



Drawn by H. T. SCHÄFER.

BEAUTY AND THE BIRD.

A SPORTING REMINISCENCE OF BRITISH GUIANA.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL E. ROGERS.

A SHOOTING excursion into the primeval forest of British Guiana is one to be undertaken in all seriousness; for of vehicles, horses, or interior roads there are none, and all locomotion is accomplished by water.

The proper period of the year, too, has to be studied, and the plan of campaign has to be thought out. Tent-boats, Indian paddlers, and negro servants must be hired in advance, guns, ammunition, and fishing tackle carefully selected—to say nothing of ordinary impedimenta, including the indispensable grass-hammock, both for sleeping in at night and for the purpose of a midday siesta. Tins of pressed food, bags of flour, jars of salt butter, bottles of brandy and Schiedam, with the latter's usual accompaniment, Angostura bitters with swizzle-sticks, have to be stowed away in the smallest compass—*vis.*, in the useful

158 The Savage Club Papers

Indian baskets made by the "Bucks" for travelling in the bushy interior. A spare suit of tweed or flannel, thick as well as thin, socks, strong shooting-boots and moccasins, complete the inventory. The list may be amplified *ad infinitum*; but these are necessities. It is to be remembered that the excursion is made into the interior of a mighty forest-covered continent, where Indian *benabs* are the only representatives of civilised caravansaries; where the sparse population retire before your advance, unwilling to entertain or receive you within their gates; where neither doctors nor apothecaries can minister to your ailments—in fact, you become for the nonce a child of the forest, and must learn, if ignorant before, to "paddle your own canoe."

But in this respect I am slightly wrong, for it is possible, and even requisite, to engage the services of an experienced bushman, Indian or Creole, to "boss the show." This man is literally a factotum. He is cook, butler, gamekeeper, and boatman. Sitting either in the bow or stern of the frail *courial* or canoe, he guides its passage with unerring skill through rocks and shallows. Marching in advance of the party, he cuts a path through the thickest bush. In presence of game, his keen eye notes every paw-print; he scents the peccary; he listens, with ear to the ground, to the disappearing patter of frightened deer, or enjoins silence

A Reminiscence of British Guiana 159

to catch the distant growl of the jaguar, or the low bellow of the cruel cayman; he vents his deadly spleen against the ubiquitous monkey, which too often heralds the approach of the shooting-party; and he treats with disdain the chattering macaw, or the startled ibis. Story, or song, or jest, from any of the party on the war-path would be an unendurable insult.

It was early in the year when a party of us from the garrison at Eve Leary Barracks, Georgetown, determined to penetrate the interior in search of game and scenery. Our objective point was the Comuti Rock on the River Essequibo, where were to be found specimens of Indian picture-writing; and a few miles below this crag is the mouth of another affluent, the Potaro, which is the Niagara of the Colony—a gigantic fall of over eight hundred feet. Here mountain, savannah, and endless forest are to be seen from the canoe, a panorama of grandeur unequalled in South America.

We embarked at Georgetown in a crazy schooner manned by one Creole sailor and a nigger-boy, and we had to beat against the wind up the wide estuary of the Essequibo. To the tourist visiting the interior of South America there is, perhaps, no such striking inroad to the rich and varied beauties of lonely vegetation and animal life along the

160 The Savage Club Papers

seaboard as that afforded by this noble river. In itself broad, deep, and rapid, and studded with innumerable islands, the Essequibo is joined, about fifty miles from the coast, by the rivers Cuyuni and Massarooni, which offer further arteries of exploration in a northerly and westwardly direction; while the former is navigable to the south in "woodskins" to the very borders of Brazil, a distance of five hundred miles.

It was still night when our small craft weighed anchor from Tiger Island (which we had reached the evening previous) and sailed onwards in the dull light of quickly coming day; nor had the sun yet risen above the forest when our schooner rounded the point of junction, opposite a missionary village, called Bartica Grove, the last civilised settlement on the river.

From this point we proposed to ascend the Massarooni in *courials*, or flat-bottomed tent-boats, hired from the Indians at Bartica Grove, as a preliminary to the more adventurous undertaking of a visit to the Kaiteur Falls. Accordingly we landed during the necessary preparations, such as the employment of half-caste "river-men" to pilot us up and down the rapids—a duty only undertaken by the most experienced of their class.

We landed, and slung our hammocks between the trees

A Reminiscence of British Guiana 161

for a snooze after our exertions, while the crews built up fires and cooked the game.

It was a delicious meal, spread, as it was, upon a planking stone overhanging the river. The table was even graced with glass and crockery from Bartica Grove for this first night in the forest ; and fresh bread, fowls, and game, were abundant ; rum, beer, and Schiedam formed our drink ; and tea and coffee followed, served with all due sumptuousness, under the light of various lamps and shaded candles which imparted a weird effect to the scene of festivity in striking contrast with the surrounding gloom.

As the night wore on, and the moon arose in all its tropical splendour and glimmered through the topmost branches of the forest, stern sounds broke on the stillness of the scene : the angry snarl of the crab-dog, the kingly roar of the puma, the growl of the jaguar, the squeak of the peccary, or the low, bellowing moan of the huge cayman. But nature at length prevailed, and even these ominous voices of the jungle-waste were hushed in sleep, while the camp-fires burnt low, and the tired crews sank down beside them to snatch brief sleep before daylight broke the spell of quietude.

Having partaken of a last respectable breakfast as regards cups and saucers, etc., we paddled up river slowly, ever

162 The Savage Club Papers

on the look-out for a shot at water-fowl or a basking alligator. ~~Flamingoes~~ bill-birds, cranes, and the scarlet ibis, were plentiful; so were king-fishers, wild duck, and pigeons of great variety. It was still early next morning when we came within range of the first rapids, the approach thither being recognised in the slow progress made against the strong current. It was found requisite to ~~stop~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~shore~~ about midday to give the boatmen a rest before attempting the last exhausting reach; and a narrow creek on the left bank seemed to offer desirable shade from the sun, already at its zenith.

Thither, therefore, we all steered, proceeding for some distance leisurely and noiselessly; for the locality is famed as a resort of the solitary Cock-of-the-Rock, a bird remarkable for its bright orange plumage and crescent-shaped crest. There were also in many spots patches of the far-famed Victoria Regia lily spread over the narrow waterway, which Vanderheyden, our chief boatman, pointed out with the air of a Schomberg!

We now busied ourselves with loading our fowling-pieces, and anxiously and silently awaited our handsome quarry. But not a twitter could be heard, not a wing could be seen; animated nature seemed dead, and the sombre forest on either side produced an irrepressibly depressing feeling

A Reminiscence of British Guiana 163

among us all. No gentle air of heaven stirred the huge, drooping leaves of the troolie-tree, or shook the spider-like web of the bush-rope as it hung in graceful and fantastic drapery from the lofty branches of the majestic mora. Even the hum of insects was hushed at this hour, and the sunless gloom of the narrowing creek was grave-like and spirit-lowering.

Suddenly in the distance uprose a fearful roar, half yell, half howl, and as suddenly ceased. Involuntarily the boatmen put about in startled haste and proceeded to leave this scene of dreariness and unnatural desolation.

"Steady, men!" ordered Vanderheyden in a quick, low voice. "Hark! you officers of England, hark! That the puma's howl. Something come. Look out! here already!"

Simultaneously a crashing, rushing sound in the dense bush hard by was followed by the sudden appearance of a magnificent forest-deer, all bleeding at the haunch, which checked its wild flight riverwards at the unwonted sight of human beings, and then, with altered impulse, sprang to clear the creek beyond our foremost boat. The noble animal scrambled up the opposite bank, and, bounding through and over all opposing obstacles, was soon lost to sight and hearing.

"Deer wounded by puma or jaguar—we follow," cried

164 The Savage Club Papers

Vanderheyden excitedly. So reloading (this time with bullets), we skipped lightly to the bank and entered on a hot and fruitless chase. Worse still, M—— and I, who were bringing up the rear, turned down a wrong cutting in the bush, and soon the eager voices of the hunt died away altogether. Thus passed an hour and almost another, but still neither of us seemed to flag or contemplate return. At length the wildness of the chase began to dawn on us, and M—— stopped short.

"What if we have to hang out for the night on the branch of a tree?" he asked. "In a few hours the sun will set, and then our chances of surviving the night will be reduced to zero."

"Pleasant, certainly," I replied; "and though we have guns, we have no ammunition." For we had wasted the few rounds in our pouches, trying to attract our comrades' attention in vain.

"This part of the country," went on M——, "is, I believe, alive with wild beasts and reptiles, so when the darkness sets in we are as likely as not to stumble over wandering pumas and tiger-cats, or to disturb scorpions and rattle-snakes at every turn."

"Don't frighten me to death, M——; the bite of a puma perhaps we might not like, but it would be wholesome;

A Reminiscence of British Guiana 165

whereas to be clasped in the folds of a camoudi or stung by a centipede would be maddening and disgusting. But see! what brute is that?" I pointed to a prostrate forest-tree, a few yards from where we sat, on the ground. Thereon crouched a huge jaguar, eyeing us fiercely, and showing his teeth menacingly. The effect of this unwonted sight on M—— was electric, for he rose to his commanding height with nervous energy depicted in his gleaming countenance, and clutched his gun clubwise, with both hands, as his men had done at Inkerman, determined to make a desperate fight of it if need be.

Just at this moment, however, as if to divert the fixed gaze of man and beast, there issued from out the cavernous depths of the rotten stump whereon crouched the jaguar a huge, fox-like brush, then a barrel-shaped, elongated, brown-haired body with crested mane, and finally the tapering snout of an enormous ant-bear. But scarcely had this uncouth monster slowly withdrawn itself, and turned to go when, with a savage bound, the jaguar's vindictive fangs were fixed in the throat of the unwieldy animal, and he seemed to shake his prey like a rat; a moment only, for soon the cruel claws of the ant-bear tore into the jaguar's eyeballs and his teeth-grip was relaxed.

Instantly the clumsy ant-bear threw himself on his back

166 The Savage Club Papers

and fought with all four legs, clawing his foe viciously and drawing him into a fierce embrace. Thrice did the furious jaguar try to clutch the snout of his slow and comparatively insignificant antagonist, but as often did he pay the penalty of rash voracity by an ugly gash.

Thus for a few moments they remained locked in each other's grasp, wallowing supinely, or rolling over and over again in the embrace of death.

Witnessing this pause in the combat, and worked up by the very brutality of the scene and its wild surroundings, M—— rushed forward with viciously blind impulse and belaboured the jaguar's skull with desperate blows; nor ceased till the stock of his Westley-Richards gave way, smashed to atoms, on the brute's hard cranium.

I now proposed to precede my friend M—— in the direction of the declining sun, notching the trees as I went along, so as to give him time to recover from the effects of his battle royal, in which the jaguar was slain and the ant-bear escaped.

Scarcely had I travelled a few hundred yards when the agreeable sound of a human voice attracted my attention, and I climbed a tree to reconnoitre the position. I was not a little astonished to find how closely my rough-hewn path had skirted the clearance that now lay before me.

A Reminiscence of British Guiana 167

Clearance it could scarcely be termed, for all the available space was occupied by tottering, abandoned mud-huts; while the long Guinea-grass and rank weeds that festooned the prostrate beams of others in course of erection, afforded evidence that from some unexpected cause the Indians had ceased to carry out their intention of forming a settlement. In the centre of the deserted village stood a well-thatched wigwam, and from it issued a low drone or chant. Descending from my perch I now cautiously approached the hut, the roof of which, projecting almost to the ground, prevented my at once obtaining a view of the being giving utterance to such strange melody. But all fears vanished before the object that shocked my sight as I stooped to peer through the entrance! Half reclining in a grass-hammock slung across the *benab*, and keeping it in motion by the oscillation of her body, was a poor naked Indian woman, whose protruding bones and skeleton frame needed no words to proclaim her misery.

Yet hunger was apparently not the emaciating cause, for fowls pecked about, and a pegall of corn lay in the corner of the hut; a couple of lanky dogs lay stretched at her feet, and a *sakiwinki* monkey sprang lithely from beam to shelf above her head; nor was she lame nor helpless. Why, then, had she remained in this wretched

168 The Savage Club Papers

solitude to mourn and pine away? The fresh-dug ground beneath the hammock explained it all, when I recollected the legends of Indian life, and the strange, Suttee-like custom, prevailing among these Macusi tribes, that compels a widow thus to bewail her lord and master for a stated period; and as, in the present instance, the man had probably sunk under some contagious malady, the Nomades had abandoned their settlement and the poor widow with equal indifference. The Macusi seemed in no wise frightened or bashful by the unexpected presence of a white man. Long suffering or Indian nonchalance had deadened her perceptions, and she merely waved me back.

"What horrid stuff is this?" cried M——, who just then joined me, as he upset a small trough containing a dark fluid, some drops of which fell upon his clothes.

The Macusi screamed, and stretched out her lanky fingers warningly.

"For Heaven's sake," I cried, "take care, M——. There is sudden death in every crevice of this abominably smelling *benab*. *That*, I fancy, is the awful *wourali* poison; a drop of it in a wound would turn a fellow into a ghastly corpse in a twinkling. Be careful what you touch."

A Reminiscence of British Guiana 169

"We had better not waste more precious time," said M——. "The woman is evidently demented. Surely, as this was an Indian settlement, there must be some exit, some path to the river-bank?"

We had begun to make search for the most likely track outwards when the Macusi hurriedly joined us. So, seizing the woman's arm, we endeavoured by signs to awaken her faculties to a perception of our situation, and claim her assistance. But she only gazed vacantly in our faces, muttering Indian gibberish, until, the Indian name of the Falls occurring to me, I shouted "Castabar" in her ear. M—— watched the effect of this appeal with intense interest, and was the first to notice that the dull Macusi comprehended what was required of her now, and she turned to go.

With slow and wearied footsteps we followed our guide through the labyrinths of the forest to the banks of the Massarooni; and on arrival we were not surprised to find that two of the *courials* were drawn up on a small island in the vortex of the stream. These we hailed vociferously, and were answered, after an interval, by Vanderheyden, who eventually took us off, but expressed his disgust at our losing our way in the bush. The third boat, he explained, having on board our two

176 The Savage Club Papers .

soldier friends, had already been hauled over the rocks bordering the rapids, and would await our coming in the higher reaches of the river. Vanderheyden had left a man at the creek where we had parted company, and he now sent for him, for it was arranged that we should camp for the night on the island.

Up to the junction of the rivers at Bartica Grove, the Essequibo forms a mere estuary, averaging a width of six or seven miles; and even its tributary, the Massarooni, is almost a mile wide at the mouth; but although still of noble expanse, the latter river, near Castabar, narrowed perceptibly, and the vista of forest-covered banks closed to a thin line far up the reach beyond the rapids.

A few precipitous crags or isolated, bare rocks, up which we scrambled, enabled us to overlook the forest and to view in the blue distance ranges of hills trending far away to the south, a succession of sandstone formations which terminated abruptly in that mysteriously inaccessible mountain Roraima, on whose table-top, until within the last few years, man never gazed. Away to the north, towards the Venezuelan boundary, lay a region pregnant with gold, a virgin-field which has proved fatal more than once to adventurous miners, anxious to tread

A Reminiscence of British Guiana 171

the quick and ready road to wealth. We were all in high spirits; but, noisy as was our mirth, it failed to deaden the reverberation of the low, rumbling torrent as it rippled and eddied and tumbled over opposing crags in its overwhelming descent, lulling us finally to sleep.

Next morning a tent-boat hove in sight on the lower river, with a white man seated astern. "Who could he be? Why was he alone?" We were lost in conjectures, but set to work to prepare a savoury breakfast for the stranger.

On nearer approach to the craft we at length made him out to be the governor of the penal settlement on the Massarooni, who had paid us a visit at Bartica Grove and invited us to his house, which at the time we promised to accept on our return. Perhaps he was coming to join our excursion up country; and we were pleased at the idea. It may give some notion of the strength of the current to observe here that from our first glimpse of the boat until Captain K——'s crew of six stalwart convicts paddled into the back-water of our island-resort, fully an hour had elapsed.

"I am sorry to be a sort of Bellerophon's messenger," cried Captain K—— as he leaped ashore; "but I hope you have enjoyed the trip so far. It is at an end, I regret

The Savage Club Papers

...the West-India men, for
...once. In fact, I
...take you back to the

...mutiny among the
...chastlingly, for there
...reporting

...But not
...the Sepoys

...grazers in the
...and sword
...Women and children

...glossy
...Durum
...the best

...that
...the
...the
...the

...the
...the
...the
...the

A Reminiscence of British Guiana 173

officers, taking passage in Captain K——'s boat, arrived at the settlement in time to catch a small passenger-steamer that had come up with convicts, and we reached the government wharf at Georgetown early on the following afternoon.

"Times have changed since then, and we have changed with them," as Horace sang nearly a thousand years ago; but sport in British Guiana remains precisely the same. It is still the "forest primeval"; still roamed by the jaguar, the puma, and the peccary; still the resort of the ant-bear, the labba, the crab-dog, and the sloth. Toucans, macaws, bush-turkeys, parrots, cranes, and the scarlet ibis, still fly with lazy wings over its vast savannahs, together with wild duck in all their varieties, and snipe in their unique state. Still monkeys in their wondrous thousands pervade the forest—from the queer ring-tailed big baboon to the tiny *sakiwinki*. The rivers still swarm with fish of various species, and huge, ungainly river-dragons—*i.e.*, the crocodile, the hippopotamus, and the sea-cow. Nothing is changed in nature: everything in man. In my day the Buck-Indian appeared in Georgetown, arrayed in pigment and feathers; now, I believe, he dons a white hat and the blue ribbon of Derby Day, without the blue-ribbon symbolism. "*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*,"

174 The Savage Club Papers

may be thus suited: and no doubt the Carib and the
Maccusi prefer now to dabble in gold-mines on the Vene-
zuelan boundary.

But at all events I retain a vivid impression of the ex-
pedition recorded, and heartily recommend a trip out there
to any would-be Shikari, or to the lover of magnificent
scenery.

SHAKESPEAREAN BALLADS AND SONGS.

BY WALTER ROWLEY, F.S.A.

IF Shakespeare had not written dramas he would have been known as the greatest poet of his era. The illustrious critic and author of the "Lives of the Poets" truly says of him that he was "above all writers the poet of nature that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life, the genuine progeny of common humanity such as the world will always supply; and it is this which fills the works of Shakespeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom, making his works a system of civil and economical prudence." Shakespeare drew his scenes from nature and the life as it was then passing before him; and as human nature never changes, he has been well described as alone of no age, but for all time. Unlike the poets of his period, he drew his scenes from the amusements and feelings of the people, and was therefore always natural, in contradistinction to the artificial character of his contemporaries, who disguised the natural passions of humanity,

184 The ~~Singer~~ Club Papers

~~English is full of~~ and strained metaphors ;
~~which is enough to~~ teach him to use the language
~~of the~~

~~Some~~ in the land in his day that told
of ~~the~~ life, with all its virtues and defects ;
very ~~very~~ distinct from the productions of the courtly
poets were so vigorous as in many cases to have lived
of ~~the~~ own time, whilst the ephemeral works of some
of ~~the~~ poetical writers are deservedly forgotten.

By way of passing, glance at a few selections from the
constant store of love-songs ; that in the *Two Gentlemen*
Second :

"Who is Sylvia, what is she,
That all our swains commend her ?
Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
The Heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be," etc., etc.,

or that one in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

"If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known ;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown," etc., etc.

Every one remembers that beautiful lyric in *Measure for Measure* :

"Take, oh ! take those lips away
That so sweetly were foresworne," etc.

Shakespearean Ballads and Songs 177

Shakespeare loved flowers as well as fair women, and the luxuriant meadows around his beloved Stratford, which gave him birth and received his last remains, seemed always to be present in his imagination, even when engaged in portraying the tragedy of life amidst the lumber of the Globe and Blackfriars playhouses, and is so beautifully illustrated in his most delightful pastoral ballad, where he says :

“When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And Ladi smockes all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,” etc.

Or that in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“I know a bank whereon the wilde thyme blows,
Where ox-lips, and the nodding violet growes,
Quite over-canopied, with lush woodbine,
With sweet muske roses, and with eglantine.”

But as this article must necessarily be short, I propose to deal mainly with the ballads in which Shakespeare found the material for some of his plays. Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, appears to have been one of the first to draw attention to the fact that Shakespeare had availed himself of the street ballads for his plots, or, at any rate, he first published these ballads from the precious manuscript which so narrowly escaped a fate as dreadful as that which befell Mr. Tristram Shandy's notes.

178 The Savage Club Papers

The story of King Lear appears to have been originally so called from *Queen Cordelia* had long been known in traditional history, and Lear is referred to by Geoffrey of Monmouth in 1142 in his "History of British Kings." Whether the story of King Lear had or had not a historical origin, it is certain that Shakespeare was not the first to dramatize it. In 1605, three years before Shakespeare published his version, a play was printed, entitled *The True Chronicle of Leir and His Three Daughters, Gonorile, Ragan, and Cordelia, as it hath been divers and sundry times lately acted*. The ballad, which was probably published before Shakespeare's play, begins as follows:

"King Lear once ruled in this land
With princely power and peace,
And hath all things with heart's content
That might his joys increase," etc.

It is of too great length to be given here, but the pith of it may be condensed in a few words. The aged king, having three daughters, asks each one in turn in what manner she will show her love to him. The eldest says:

"For your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain."

Shakespearean Ballads and Songs 179

The second, a little more moderate in her professions, undertakes to

"Serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love."

But the youngest, Cordelia, merely tells him that she will shew her love by rendering the duty of a child. This does not satisfy the king, and he banishes Cordelia, who retires to France, where her virtues procure her marriage with the French king. Lear, in the meantime, being treated with the utmost disdain by his two eldest daughters, wanders forth to the hills and woods in a state of frantic madness, and eventually passes over to France to seek the comfort from his youngest daughter which the elder ones denied him. It will be perceived that Shakespeare, if his play was written after the ballad, has followed the story pretty closely. The ballad was sung to the air "When Flying Fame," a tune to which "Chevy Chase" was most frequently sung.

The story which serves as the introduction to the *Taming of the Shrew* is identical with a ballad under the title of "The Frolicksome Duke, or The Tinker's Good Fortune," sung to the tune of "Fond Boy." It is also alluded to in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." The tale goes that Philip, the good Duke of Burgundy, when at Bruges would walk about the town in the evening disguised. "It so

180 The Savage Club Papers

fortuned" as he was walking late one night he found a country fellow dead drunk, "snorting in a bulke," and he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, there stripping him of his clothes, and "attyring" him after the Court fashion. When he awoke, the Duke and his suite were ready to attend upon his excellency, and to persuade him that he was some great duke. The poor fellow, wondering how he came there, was served in state all day long. After supper he saw them dance, heard music and participated in all the rest of those courtlike pleasures ; but late at night, when he was well tippled and again fast asleep, they put on his old clothes and so conveyed him to the place where they first found him. Now, the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before as he did now when he returned to himself. All the jest was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poor man told his friends he had seen a vision, constantly believed it and would not otherwise be persuaded. And so the jest ended.

It is singular that no commentator that I have consulted has noticed the fact that the story tallies exactly with the "Sleeper Awakened" in the "Arabian Nights," which is briefly this :

Abou Hassan has dissipated his fortune by giving rich entertainments to his friends. With the small proportion

Shakespearean Ballads and Songs 181

of his wealth that is left he determines to entertain but one stranger every night, and for this purpose takes his stand upon the bridge at Bagdad, where he accosts the first new-comer he meets, and invites him as his guest, upon the condition that he departs next morning, and is to be ever after treated as one whom Abou has never met. Calipha Haroun Alraschid, being in the disguise of a merchant, is hospitably entertained by Abou Hassan, and upon the latter remarking that he wishes he were Caliph for but one day, the thought of gratifying him enters the Caliph's mind, and, as in Shakespeare's story, and in that quoted by Burton, Abou Hassan is conveyed, while asleep, to a sumptuous bed, and upon his awakening is treated by the slaves and other attendants as if he were really the Commander of the Faithful. After much protest, he finally accepts the situation, and dispenses justice with great gravity and effect. On the following night he is conveyed again to his own home, where he is so impressed by the situation he has been in that he cannot be persuaded he is not the Caliph, and acts in an extravagant fashion. The Arabian story carries the subject much further than the play, for Abou is, after some months, again treated to the Caliph's position, when, on awakening, he is perfectly convinced that he has had an unpleasant dream.

182 The Savage Club Papers

such a good story could not belong to one nation alone, and the tale must have been common in and about Shakespeare's period.

In the story of the "Merchant of Venice," a parallel will be found in a ballad upon which the scene between Shylock and Antonio is said to be founded, entitled, "Gernatus the Jew of Venice." The Jew was a common object of odium, and his cruelties and avarice were a most popular subject for balladmongers. I may recall, as the best known, that one entitled "Sir Hugh of Lincoln, or the Jew's Daughter." This, however, has no Shakespearean bearing. The ballad of Gernatus is in doggerel metre, and commences thus :

"In Venice towne not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell
Which livèd all on usurie,
As Italian writers tell.

"Gernatus callèd was the Jew,
Which never thought to die,
Nor ever yet did any good
To them in streete that lie."

The ballad goes on to tell how Gernatus lent a merchant a hundred crowns on receipt of a bond whereby the merchant acquiesced in forfeiting a pound of his own flesh in the event of his failure to repay the loan. The

Shakespearean Ballads and Songs 183

merchant, of course, fails to pay the money on the day appointed, and, exactly as Shakespeare has it, the Jew is eventually offered, not only thrice his bond, but five and ten times the amount, which he still refuses. The story ends by the Jew finding himself unable to take exactly one pound of flesh without shedding one drop of blood, and therefore having to give up his bond without either payment of the loan or the agreed forfeiture.

Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* is known to have been acted before 1598. The above ballad is undated, but it was one of a collection made by Samuel Pepys, and was sung to the tune of "Black and Yellow." But the story does not appear to be founded on Shakespeare's production, for the central incident only is there. The incident of the pound of flesh for the bond is also said to occur in both a French and an Italian romance. The Italian one was written in 1378, but not printed until 1558, some forty years before Shakespeare's version was acted.

There is yet another ballad of the cruel Jew that I have met with. It is to be found in Buchan's "Gleanings of Scotch, English, and Irish Scarce Old Ballads," and in Halliwell's "New Booke about Shakespeare." It is reprinted in Professor Child's collection, and entitled "The Northern Lord and Cruel Jew." It also bears some

184 The Savage Club Papers

resemblance to *Cymbeline*, as well as to the *Merchant of Venice*. This ballad describes how "A noble lord of high renown" gives one of his two daughters in marriage to a knight, on his payment of her weight in gold. The knight borrows the money of a Jew on the conditions—

"That if he failed, or missed the day
So many ounces he should pay
Of his own flesh, instead of gold."

Having married the lady, and she having borne him a son, the time for payment drew near, and in due course the Jew demanded his money. The lady, however, upon being told of her husband's distress, suggests flight, and they travel to the German Court, where they live in great favour with the Emperor. And now we get the plot of *Cymbeline*. The ballad proceeds to narrate how the couple lived at the Court of the Emperor in high favour until the lady attracted the notice of a Dutch lord. The same evidence, which is so prominent a feature in the plot of *Cymbeline*, is told—viz., the stealing of the ring from the lady's finger, which the chambermaid is bribed to effect. The ring, being stolen, is shown to the knight, who, meeting his lady at the palace gate, flings her into the castle moat. The lady escapes, unknown to her husband, and appears again on the scene, riding up,

Shakespearean Ballads and Songs 185

disguised in knightly garb, to the emperor. On being told that an English knight is condemned to death for the drowning of his wife, she desires sight of him, and promises to be his friend. A court is held, and the fact of her innocence is made apparent, to the discomfiture of the Dutch lord; for the chambermaid confesses how she stole the ring, which was held as the proof of guilt in the story. This evidence coming before them, the sentence of death on the knight is held over, and the Dutch lord pays the wager of a ton of gold, but, to revenge himself, gives notice to the Jew whither the knight had fled. The story of the Merchant of Venice now becomes apparent again. The Jew, coming in search of his victim, demands the fulfilment of his bond, and woman's wit, as in the case of Portia, saves the knight. This, however, is not the *dénouement* of the extraordinary ballad, for the knight is now assailed by his father-in-law for the supposed murder of his wife; but she proves true to him, and again saves his life by her readiness.

The ballad, though good, has no extraordinary appearance of age about it, but certainly appears to have been suggested by the play, rather than the play owing any of its origin to it.

We have seen how the *Merchant of Venice* and *King*

186 The Savage Club Papers

Lear have their prototypes in ballads, and I will now direct attention to one which may have suggested *Titus Andronicus*. A ballad upon which the play appears to have been founded was entered in Stationers' Hall on February 6th, 1593 or 1594. It was named "A Noble Roman History of Titus Andronicus," and the earliest known edition of the play of Shakespeare was printed in 1600. There are many points of difference in the stories told by ballad and play. The play contains a contest for the empire by the two brothers, but this is not in the ballad. In the play Titus loses twenty-one of his sons in battle, and kills another for assisting Bassianus to carry off Lavinia; but the ballad incidents are different, and a great many other variations will be discovered. The ballad was sung to the old tune "Fortune my Foe," a very fine air of a grave cast, to which many melancholy ballads were set. Enough, however, has been said to show that Shakespeare was indebted greatly to "broadsides" and popular traditional tales for most of his subjects. To ensure success he wisely took subjects which were adapted to his audience; but it remained to his inimitable genius to clothe those ideas in his own garb.

Turning to Shakespeare's appreciation of the peasants' songs, most of my readers will have heard, I dare say,

Shakespearean Ballads and Songs 187

of the song or air "Greensleeves." The air is mentioned by Shakespeare in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. It was, both as song and tune, very popular in Shakespeare's time, and from that period to our own has been in great favour, though perhaps not heard so frequently to-day as it was thirty or forty years ago. It forms the air to which the burden "Which nobody can deny" is set, and has been the vehicle for dozens of political ballads and songs of a narrative form. The original ballad or song of "Greensleeves" seems to have been entered at Stationers' Hall in 1580, and a copy of this will be found published in "A Handful of Pleasant Delights," 1584. The song is valuable on account of its describing the female dress of the period. Green, I may note *en passant*, was much in favour in early days, and there is scarcely a ballad wherein a lady's gown is mentioned which is not described as of that colour. Our earliest copy of "Greensleeves" is, then, as follows:—

"Alas, my love, you do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously;
And I have lovèd you so long,
Delighting in your company.

"Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight;
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves.

188 The Savage Club Papers

"I have been ready at your hand
To grant whatever you would crave;
I have both waged life and land,
Your love and goodwill for to have.

"I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
That were wrought fine and gallantly;
I kept thee both at board and bed,
Which cost my purse well favouredly.

"I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth so fine as might be;
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
And all this cost I spent on thee."

After this he describes her girdle, her purse, the crimson stockings all of silk, the gown of grassy green, the satin sleeves, etc., all of which he gave her, as well as his gayest gelding, and serving men to wait upon her. The fair one, however, appears to have proved unkind, and thence her lover's wail. About Cromwell's time the original song seems to have dropped out of fashion, and was forgotten, the tune, however, still remaining, under the title, "Green sleeves and pudding pies;" and it was then adapted to a host of Cavalier ditties.

The play of *Hamlet* is rich in snatches of song, for many sweet fragments are sung by Ophelia, and some by the Gravedigger. In Act iv., Scene 4, Ophelia's song,

Shakespearean Ballads and Songs 189

"How should I your true love know from another one?" undoubtedly formed part of a much longer ballad, in existence before Shakespeare's time. It is sung to a beautiful air which was set to a song in the *Beggars' Opera* in 1728—

"You'll think, ere many days ensue"—

and, from the structure of the melody, it appears to be as old as the original song. Another fragment of a similar cast is sung by Desdemona. An old copy of this song, as early as the play, has been found, with the tune, in a manuscript in the British Museum. It has, however, some slight verbal difference, and doubtless Shakespeare has inserted it from an imperfect recollection of it. The burden "Willow, willow" was common to many songs of a sentimental character of the Shakespearean days, and has continued down to our own day. In *Othello* occurs a fragment of what appears to be a merry drinking song; and one could have wished it longer:—

"And let me the canakin clink, clink, clink,
And let me the canakin clink;
A soldier's a man,
A life's but a span,
Why, then, let the soldier drink."

190 The Savage Club Papers

Following this is that famous song :

• King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown,
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor loon.

• He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree;
His pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thoue auld cloak about thee."

The entire song, of which this forms a portion, had existed traditionally, but it was not until 1724 (when Allan Ramsay published it in "The Tea Table Miscellany") that it found its way into print. There is a very fine vein of humour running through the ballad, and it presents a very charming picture of domestic country life. We see a cosy old couple, a "Darby and Joan," and the thrift and good sense of the guid wife is charmingly expressed.

The limits of space will not enable me to give the attention so well deserved to the many beautiful fragments of songs which are scattered throughout the whole of Shakespeare's plays, and which thrill in our blood and bring us into that personal acquaintance with the Poet and his feelings as intimately to-day as they did three hundred years ago, in his own day, and as they will continue to do for a thousand years, and as long as this

Shakespearean Ballads and Songs 191

world shall last. Songs have been the solace of man from the beginning of time, and surely it cannot but be interesting to know of those which cheered the hearts of our ancestors in the days that are gone. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. William Chappell, who has so laboriously searched perhaps most of our existing musical manuscripts and early printed books for references to songs of this early period, and the work and researches of the late Mr. Payne Collier, Drs. Furnivall and Kidson, to the latter of whom I am specially indebted, for access to his valuable collection of old ballads and broadsides, and whose recent work, entitled "Traditional Tunes," is one of great interest. From whatever aspect men have looked at Shakespeare, it has always been most interesting, but to look at him through songs and ballads in a paper we must be very brief; and his works have been so thoroughly investigated in nearly every aspect that I am not able to throw much antiquarian light on the matter. Such startling novelties must be left to Mr. Donnelly, who would wish, but in vain, to convince you that Shakespeare was not Shakespeare, but Bacon (who only knew this beautiful part of England by name, no record of his presence in it existing), and that all his beautiful thoughts that ever have, and ever will, comfort

192 The Savage Club Papers

us in our sorrows and spur us to greater exertion when we flag, are to be merely regarded as meaningless words which clothe an uninteresting political cypher.

In conclusion, let this subject remind us that the national character of a people is told by its songs ; they are coeval with its birth. In song and dance are the amusements of the people, and their mournful strains even attend and follow us on our last journey. Songs have, as in the "Troubadour to the Gypsy," ever told the story of love, and often, in most beautiful pastoral songs, repeated the old, old story. With the soldier and the sailor, in battles by land and by sea, songs have often cheered the way to victory and death, and the martial music of songs has infused a spirit of daring in the youth of every country ; and even drinking songs have thrown a garland of poetry round the carouses of the festive board of the good old times. Songs differ from ballads, the one being a sentiment, expressing no even description, whilst the other is a mere narrative ; but each has in every age exercised its great influence on the social and moral well-being of the people. The street minstrelsy has its followers in every country. There we listen to the story of complaint and suffering sorrow ; man sings of his oppression, his hopes and desires ; and kings have been moved, and re-

Shakespearean Ballads and Songs 193

ligious life stirred to action, by the songs of the people—alike in every age, from the feudal system, through mediæval times, to our own day: and the only regret as regards Shakespeare is that so great a poet (apart from his fame as a dramatic writer) did not write more poetry. Still, this hasty glance at his contributions to the poetic traditions of the race may well remind us all of that sublime delineation of surpassing genius from the pen of Dr. Wolcot, who so truly wrote to his memory:

“Thus, whilst I wond’ring pause o’er Shakespeare’s page,
I mark in visions of delight the sage
High o’er the wrecks of man who stands sublime,
A column in the melancholy waste,—
(Its cities humbled and its glories past),
Majestic ’mid the solitude of time.”



[*Drawn by* SIR J. D. LINTON.]

BEAUTY IN TEARS



[Drawn by YEEND KING.

. "THE OLD CHURCHYARD,
WHERE THE MOULDERING Lych-GATE SWINGS UNBARRED."

A LITTLE DREAM.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

I 'VE just been up to the old churchyard,
Where the mouldering lych-gate swings unbarred ;
And there, half-way to the ancient yew,
Lie a green turf grave and a headstone new.

And I read with eyes that were brimmed with brine
The name of my sweetheart, Prudence Lyne ;
"In Memory" over it ; then the date ;
And her age on passing—sixty-eight.

Sweet little woman with eyes so true,
Gentle and tender, oh ! where are you ?
One day trotting the lane along,
The next day singing her own swan-song.

Every morning my door she'd pass,
Over the road on the well-worn grass ;
Her dress the hue of a dry-cooked sippet,
And over her shoulders an Adelaide tippet.

200 The Savage Club Papers

Never a speck on her natty shoon,
Crossed and sandalled with silk galoon ;
And there she'd pass, with a stifled "*hem!*"
A withered bloom on its fragile stem.

I pointed her out as my little flame,
Who morning and evening went and came ;
And she always smiled as she passed me by,
As if she were saying "'Tis only I!"

She was not rich, but she was not poor, •
For she earned her bread up there at the Moor ;
There, where you see the oak park pales,
She taught the youngsters their French and scales.

So bright, so natty, and sweet, and trim,
So tender-eyed, but withal so prim.
I used to think there'd been something missed,
Or that little mouth had been often kissed.

Great friends we were, though we never spoke—
Call my love for her all a joke !
Sweethearts? yes. Oh, smile if you will :
I loved her then, and I love her still.

A Little Dream

201

There was just one mark—one full of sadness,
A shorthand stroke read thus: "love-madness,"
Just where the sweetest curve should come
On the page of a face else blank and dumb.

Who knows the lore of a woman's life,
Its joys, its sorrows, its peace and strife!
Maybe arms may have tightly laced,
And held to another, that well-shaped waist.

Yes, perhaps a he at some time had pressed her,
Whispered love as his hands caressed her;
Perhaps deceived—for some men will lie—
And she woke to find her young life awry.

She told her friends that she hated men,
And perked and ruffled up like a wren;
She said all love was as bitter as rue,
So oft, indeed, that she thought it true.

* * * * *

The sun is high, and my pen has stayed,
For my thoughts will run on the poor old maid.
Long past the time when she trots along;
Two hours good. There is something wrong.

202 The Savage Club Papers

Wrong or right? Oh, how dare I say?
As I think with awe of that coming day;
Of the silent end that we mourn and weep.
Poor little Prudence had dropped asleep.

I've just been up to the old churchyard,
Where the mouldering lych-gate swings unbarred;
And there, half-way to the ancient yew,
Lie a rounded grave and a headstone new.

And I read, with eyes that were brimmed with brine,
The name of my sweetheart, Prudence Lyne;
"In Memory" over it; then the date;
And the age when she left me—sixty-eight.

ONLY A HUNCHBACK !

BY G. A. HENTY.

TWO double knocks at the door in quick succession.

"A telegram, sir," the servant said, as she brought in the yellow envelope.

"What's up now?" I grumbled, as I opened it. "Somewhere to go, of course." It was not often that I gave up my work for an evening, but I had three or four men coming in to talk over a new magazine that we had projected, and, as was generally the case when I particularly wanted an undisturbed evening, here was an order to start for some place unknown. I opened the envelope. It read as follows:—

"Explosion Oak Hills Colliery Barnsley—go down night mail—telegraph a column evening paper—send up full account to-morrow evening for morning—stay there as long as necessary."

"Any answer, sir?"

"Yes. Give me five or six of those telegram-forms, off that table."

204 The Savage Club Papers

"All right" was sufficient for the editor to know that I was at home when the order came, and would attend to it. "Have to go down to Yorkshire at once—can't have evening," was sufficient for each of my friends. The servant left the room with the telegrams and cash for payment, and I went upstairs to get my things together. I might be there for a fortnight—there was no saying until I learned the nature of the accident. My first inclination to grumble was past as soon as I read the telegram. This was a serious business, and to me an interesting one. I had been a mining engineer for some years before I took to newspaper work, and regarded these mining catastrophies from the point of view of an expert as well as that of a special correspondent. This was not the first time I had been sent down on a similar mission, and I knew pretty well what the scene would be. The crowd of agonised women near the pit's mouth; the police keeping a clear space round the shaft; the groups of miners ready and eager to descend, at the risk of their lives, to attempt the rescue of those still below; the village hard by, with its dull lines of cottages, its silent streets, its children standing in hushed awe at the doors;—it was all familiar to me.

It was past six o'clock now. Preparations were soon

made, a meal was eaten, half-a-dozen letters to put off various engagements written, and I was at Euston in good time for the train. There, as I expected, I found three other pressmen bound on the same errand. We got a smoking carriage between us, tipped the guard to lock the door, chattered for a few minutes on the subject of our journey, and then, as the train steamed out of the station, two packs of cards were produced, a cushion laid across our knees, and we played whist until our arrival at Barnsley, with such intermissions only as were needed for the refreshment of the inner man.

The next morning I started from the hotel as soon as I had finished my breakfast. The others were in no hurry, as they had no "evening" to cater for; and indeed, as a rule on such occasions each man goes about his work alone, as otherwise we should hear the same narratives, see and talk over matters together, the result being a sameness in the letters, alike displeasing to the editor and disappointing to the public who, turning from one paper to another for fresh details, are disgusted if they find that, for all the news they contain, they might have been written by the same hand.

The snow was on the ground, and as the pit lay three miles away, I chartered a trap for the morning, and

206 The Savage Club Papers

was soon at the pit-village. I had glanced through a local paper as I had my breakfast, and had gathered the main features of the accident. The explosion had taken place at two o'clock in the afternoon. There were about a hundred and fifty men and boys below at the time. The winding apparatus had been rendered useless by the explosion, but in a short time a temporary gear had been erected and a bucket got in readiness. Just as it was about to be lowered, another explosion had taken place, smoke had begun to rise from the shaft, and it was known that the pit was on fire, and that another explosion might at any moment occur. Nevertheless, a brave volunteer had descended, and six times the bucket had come to the surface, bringing up each time three men, alive. Then there had been another terrible explosion, followed by dense volumes of smoke, and all hope that any remained alive in the pit had come to an end. Among those who had perished was the brave fellow who had ventured his life to save others.

The scene in the village was similar to those I had before witnessed. The doors all stood open, and the blinds were drawn up, for not as yet would the women acknowledge that all hope was gone; and even when forced to do so, the doors would still stand open, according to No

Country fashion, until the late master of the house was carried in. A few women, more fortunate than the rest in having no relations below, were going from house to house, to offer little services to their broken-hearted sisters, and to say a few words of kindness. Boys and girls, gathered in groups, talked together in hushed voices ; occasionally a man came out from a door and went up the hill towards the shaft, or one who had been up there all night, returned. At the sound of the tread coming from that direction, women came for a moment to their doors, and glanced at him appealingly ; but a shake of the head told them that there was no change. I walked up the hill. There were many men standing near the shaft : some belonged to the night shift, others had come from the neighbouring pit-villages, in hopes of being able to assist ; a few women were gathered round the door of the engine-house, where they had passed the night, deaf to all persuasions to leave the spot.

A group of eight or ten gentlemen, including the owner of the mine, the manager, the government inspector of the district, and the managers of several other pits, were engaged in grave discussion. Smoke was still rising from the shaft. Several large fires had been lighted a short distance from the pit's mouth, and around these the colliers were gathered.

them away. That is where it is. The masters may do all they can; they may drive the air through the workings so that a naked candle can scarce burn; they may lay down rules and regulations, and get the best safety lamps that are made: but what is the good when the men will open the lamps, or strike matches, to light their pipes? Nineteen out of every twenty explosions comes from it. The truth don't often leak out, for the search-parties will always hide away a broken pipe if they finds one, and shut up a safety lamp if they comes across one open; they don't want blame to come upon a dead man, and they thinks, too, as it might stop the subscriptions coming in if the public get to know as the explosion was caused by the men's own carelessness. I reckon there was a bad fall and a great rush of gas. It came across an open light somewhere, and there was an end of it."

"But could not the Unions put a stop to the smoking?" I asked.

"Ay, sir, they could put a stop to it easily enough; they have only got to make a rule that any man found smoking in a pit where safety lamps are used shall be turned out of membership, and the thing would be done at once. But, Lor' bless you, the Unions don't trouble themselves one way or other about it. If they find a bit

210 The Savage Club Papers

of carelessness on the part of the owners, there is row enough over it; but as to the delegates making themselves unpopular among the men, by putting a stop to smoking, that is out of their way altogether."

"Was the explosion a loud one?" I asked.

"I have not heard a louder," he said. "I had come up half an hour before, and was down in the village cleaning up when I felt the ground shake and heard the roar. I slipped on my coat and ran up with the crowd; I don't suppose there was a soul in the village left two minutes after the explosion. There was no doubt about its being a bad one. As soon as I got up I saw that the gear was all wrecked, and the cage had been blown over the wheel up there. The engineer had been knocked down, and the engine had run on until the bits of the cage brought it to a standstill, and there had been a regular smash inside. Well, a dozen of us got to work at once to bring a windlass across the yard and rig up gear for a bucket. It did not take us long, especially as Mr. Chivers, the manager—he was in the counting-house when the explosion came—kept back the crowd; but by the time we were finished there must have been five hundred there, men, women, and children. The manager stepped forward as soon as the rope was raised, and said,—

Only a Hunchback !

211

“‘I shall want one man to go down with me.’

“Well, of course we all volunteered. He said, ‘Thank you, chaps, one will do ; I will take Jim Williams. We shall want some more down soon, I have no doubt.’

“We were just going to step in when we heard a deep, rumbling sound, and knew there was another explosion ; then a draught of wind and dust, and smoke began to come up. There was a groan from all the chaps standing round, and we stepped back. The mine was on fire, and another big explosion might come at any moment. We looked at each other, but no man spoke. We all knew what it meant : there was no occasion for words. It would be just madness to go down. Mr. Chivers was the first to speak.

“‘You see, lads, for yourselves,’ he said, ‘there has been another explosion, and the pit is on fire. I can ask no one to go down now. It would be throwing away your lives.’

“I don’t think as any of us were cowards, master, but it did seem a downright hopeless job. Then Ralph Causton came out from among the crowd.

“‘I will go down, master,’ he said. ‘My life ain’t of no account. I will go down.’

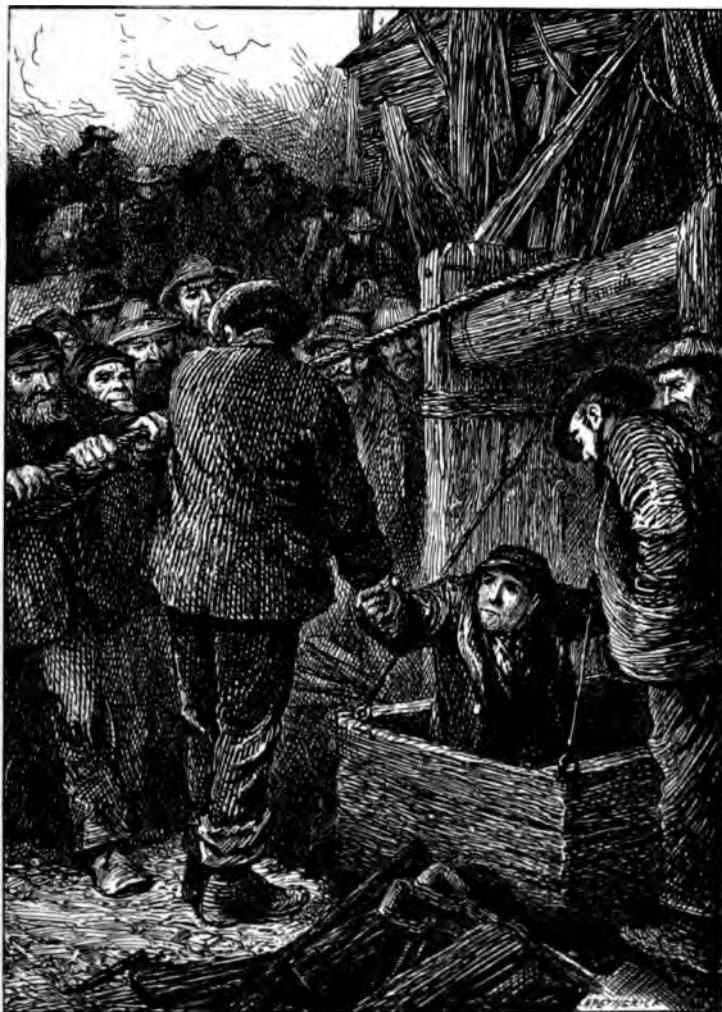
“Well, we just looked at him. Not a man said a word. You have heard of him, sir ?”

212 The Savage Club Papers

"No," I said—"beyond seeing in the local paper that one brave fellow did go down, and lost his life."

"That was him, sir. Ralph was a young chap of about twenty, but he wasn't like other young fellows. His mother, who was a bad lot, let him drop when she was in a drunken fit, and he was a baby. It hurt him somehow; anyhow, he grew up a hunchback. His back was rounded so that he did not stand more than four-foot-six high; but he was strong, or stronger, than most chaps. He had had a hard life of it, for his mother died when he was ten years old, and there was four younger children. His father worked in the pit while he looked after the little ones, and kept house; and every one said there was not a woman in the village that managed better than he did. Up to then the boys had all called him hunchy, but when the women saw how good he was they soon put a stop to that, and the boy got to be liked well enough. He was wonderful gentle in his ways, but there was a sort of expression in his face that somehow went through one. It seemed to say, 'I know I am awful to look at, but you see I can't help it.'

"When he was fourteen his father married again, and the boy went into the pit; and he has worked there since. I don't think he would have stayed there much longer, for



[Drawn by H. PETHERICK.]

“‘LOWER AWAY, LADS,’ HE SAID. ‘GOD BLESS YOU ALL IF I DON’T
SEE YOU AGAIN.’”



he was mighty fond of reading, and wrote a good hand, and I know the manager had told him that he should have a berth in the office as soon as there was a vacancy, and that if there was not one soon he should come up to the surface as weigher or something of that sort.

“‘I can’t let you go, lad,’ the manager said, in a queer sort of voice. ‘It would be just throwing away your life.’

“‘That would matter very little,’ the boy said quietly, ‘I cannot die in a better cause, and it may not be uselessly ; there may be men alive at the bottom of the shaft—burnt and wounded, perhaps, but still alive. I am very strong, sir, and can carry them and put them in the bucket. They have wives and children dependent upon them. I have no one, and never should have.’

“Then, without saying another word, the lad stepped into the bucket.

“‘Lower away, lads,’ he said. ‘God bless you all if I don’t see you again.’

“But not a hand slackened the rope. We looked at the boy and we looked at the manager. The latter hesitated, passed his hand across his eyes, and then stepped forward and took Ralph’s hand.

“‘God bless you, my lad,’ he said. ‘I have no right to

216 The Savage Club Papers

refuse your sacrifice. May God protect you and bring you back alive again! Lower away, lads.'

"As the bucket went down I saw the lad give one look round, as if saying good-bye to the sky and the sun and the earth; and then down he went. There was a little gasping sort of cheer from the women; they didn't know the danger as well as we did. They were thinking of husband, brother, and son, down below; but there was not a sound came from us, unless it was a sort of sob. The rope ran over the windlass as fast as we could let it slip through our fingers, while keeping some sort of check on it; and when we knew that he must be getting near the bottom, we gradually checked it. At last we saw it slacken, and knew that he was down. It was a minute before we felt three jerks; then, putting the rope over our shoulders, we ran away from the shaft as hard as we could go, until we heard the manager shout, and knew the tub was close up. Then we went slowly, and in a minute heard a cheer, and, looking round, saw three men step out from the bucket. Then we hurried back, the tub going down again as we did so. The three men were in the crowd, with their wives' arms round their necks; but before we got word to pull up again, Chivers told us that they had said there were twenty-five of them alive at the bottom

of the shaft. They had run there after the first explosion, and, when they had smelt the smoke, had gone a little way round the corner of the first turning and laid down on the ground, knowing that there would be another blow before long; and so it had passed over them: but as the choke damp would soon be coming, they had gone back to the bottom of the shaft, and there had seen the bucket coming down to them.

“There was a wild excitement among the crowd now. The men who had been rescued soon told the names of those who were with them at the bottom, and their women rushed forward and threw themselves down on their knees, most of them close to the pit's mouth, and there knelt, some sobbing, some praying, some laughing in such a wild way that it was awful to hear.

“You may guess how quickly we worked. Six times the bucket came up, and eighteen men had stepped out, some of them scorched and burnt, others badly hurt by being dashed down by the force of the first explosion, but all able to walk.

“‘Why does not the boy come up?’ we asked again and again; but they all said, ‘We wanted him to come, but he wouldn't. He said he had no one waiting for him above, and we had, and that he would be the last man up.’

218 The Savage Club Papers

"The bucket had gone down for the seventh time, and we stood waiting for the signal to draw it up when there was another deep rumble a great deal louder than the last. Then came a blast of wind, and there flew up a shower of bits of wood, coal, and dust. A cry of despair broke from the few women who were still kneeling there. Several of us were knocked off our feet by the rush of air.

"'It is all over,' the manager said solemnly. 'None will come up alive now. Pull up the rope, lads.'

"We pulled harder and harder, but we could not move it. It was plain what had happened. The blast had swept everything before it, and had carried it into the bottom of the shaft, which was blocked up, maybe some six feet deep; not much higher than that, for a black smoke began to rise in two or three minutes, so that it was clear that it was able to get out from the workings. Still, there was no hope that any of those at the bottom of the shaft would be alive, nor indeed anywhere else, for there would sure to be heavy falls, and those who had not been burnt by the fire would be choked by the damp."

Just as he spoke, the group of engineers broke up, and the manager, turning to the men, ordered planks to be brought, and that some of them should get shovels.

"That is what I expected," Jim Williams said to me.

"They are going to shut up the mouth of the shaft and stifle the fire. I must be off;" and he hurried away to assist in the work.

I waited to see the mouth of the pit closed. By the time the work was finished, the waiting groups for the most part had dispersed. The women, with their shawls over their heads, were led down to the village by their friends. The men from the other collieries went off, knowing that for some days nothing could be done. And I hurried down to my cab and drove back into Barnsley and sent off my telegram, and in the evening came home; for there would be nothing to do until the pit was opened again, and, after the scene I had witnessed, Barnsley tried me. It was Saturday afternoon. Numbers of excursionists had come over with the idea of going to the scene of the explosion, but the greater portion of them never got beyond the town. One was jostled by drunken men at every turn. A Church bazaar was open, and various penny gaffs were doing a roaring trade.

A fortnight later I went over again to the funeral of the first batch of victims that had been brought up. I was in the pit-village when the procession started for the churchyard, which was half a mile away. The blinds were drawn in every house. The street was full of men

220 The Savage Club Papers

and women in black, and ten coffins were carried on pitmen's shoulders to the burying place. Here a great grave had been dug, and into one end of this coffins were lowered side by side, the rest to be filled later on. Behind each coffin walked the mourners. The one that came



"A LONG PROCESSION OF PITMEN."

last was distinguished from the others, inasmuch as no women followed it, but instead there was a long procession of pitmen, walking four abreast. At their head was my friend Jim Williams.

Only a Hunchback !

221

A crowd of women were assembled in the churchyard when the procession arrived. All were weeping, not so much for those now laid to rest, but for their own dead far down beneath their feet. When all was over I went up to Jim Williams.

"I suppose the last one was that brave lad?" I said.

"Ay, sir. Most of those who died had many friends, but not one whose name has been in so many mouths as has that poor lad's, not one who has had so great a following. We are going to put up a separate stone to him, sir. If ever there was a hero, that man was, though he was only a hunchback."

THE DAYSPRING SONATA.

BY FRED W. ROSE.

SMALL wonder that Hugo Lithauer felt light-hearted as he wandered through the fresh green woods on that warm May morning. The sun, the flowers, the singing birds, and the many-coloured insects united in a wondrous harmony. But even had Nature worn her most sombre hues and slept in silence, the joy within him sang so loudly that he would scarcely have missed the sweet accompaniment.

Last night at the theatre she had smiled upon him and returned his respectful salute. She! Who she might be he neither knew nor cared, lost as he was in the sentiment of happiness awakened by the knowledge that she did not despise him. He had seen her many times, and quickly his vague admiration had grown to love—love none the less deep in that he dared not hope to win her. He, an unknown musician, playing but indifferently in that second-rate orchestra, scarcely able to keep hand



[Drawn by CHARLES GREENE.]

"LAST NIGHT AT THE THEATRE SHE HAD SMILED UPON HIM."



The Dayspring Sonata 225

and eye in accord while she sat there ; and she—what then ? a queen ! a priceless jewel—the very moon in the heavens for him. Often their eyes had met, and hers had glided off without apparent knowledge of his existence—and now she had smiled with a frank friendliness which would have turned the brain of a vainer man.

With this small guerdon (richer than the wealth of kings) Hugo was satisfied. For many weeks or months life would be all sunlight as he fed upon the memory of her kindly glance. Though he had written songs for her, he had been too little satisfied with them even to make a fair copy of them. But now his soul was filled with strange sweet harmonies, and as he walked the melody took shape within his brain.

Hugo was very poor. He earned but a small pittance at the theatre, and to tell truth it was all his playing deserved, for his fingers were clumsy and he had never gained the mastery over his violin. But he knew the value and capabilities, not only of his own instrument, but of all the others in the orchestra, so that he could have better filled the conductor's seat than his own.

For many days he worked at his great idea until it was completed, and he felt that his work was good. With some little pride he wrote upon it "The Dayspring

222 The Sarge Club Papers

... to be meant to find her out
... having she would think it worth
... she came no more to the
... was unable to learn even her name.

... and the theatre was closed.
... of silver by playing at private
... without a dinner, and he sought
... increasing his very modest resources.
... the streets of Vienna leaving some
... the chief music-publishers'; but they re-
... and either refused his works at once or,
... him waiting for weeks, returned them, often
... or at best with a regret that they were
... for publication.

... day he observed that a new firm had opened a
... and thinking these publishers might be less over-
... than the others, he looked through his music
... something to take to them. The "Dayspring Sonata"
... tied with a piece of ribbon ready to be given
... to the queen of his dreams should he ever discover her;
... but he had lost all present hope, so he thought he would
... try whether others would judge it as favourably as he
... had done when he finished it. Without opening the

The Dayspring Sonata 227

paper in which it was wrapped, he sent it, just as it was, to Messrs. Hirsch & Lohring's, awaiting an answer by post when they should have decided whether or not they cared to publish it.

The days went by wearily for Hugo. The bitter blasts of late autumn pierced through his scanty clothing, and his ill-nourished frame could not withstand them. At first he watched eagerly for the post; but it brought nothing for him, and often, as he sat dreaming of her, hope abandoned him, for he felt that when the theatre opened once more he should be no longer there to watch for her coming.

Meanwhile the publishers had received the MS. The junior partner who opened the packet and read the title—"The Dayspring Sonata, by H. Lithauer"—exclaimed, "Here is a piece of good fortune for us!"

"What?" asked Herr Hirsch, looking up from his desk. "Have you got anything very clever there?"

"As to that I can't say till I play it over; but it must be good, for it is by the celebrated Dr. Heinrich Lithauer."

"Not possible!" cried Herr Hirsch, jumping up and hastening across the office to look at the precious MS.; for Dr. Lithauer was acknowledged to be the greatest composer of the time. Not only was he treated as a demi-god by all the ladies of Vienna, but even Royalty

228 The Savage Club Papers

humbled itself before his great talent, and permitted him a freedom of speech denied to those nearest the throne.

"Yes, there is the name 'H. Lithauer' in black and white," continued the senior partner, eagerly scanning the page. "And he actually comes to us!—what does he ask for it?"

"There is no letter with it," replied Herr Lohring, turning over the pages.

"Well, we will not haggle about the price; we will send him a bigger sum than any other publisher would offer, and so he will be satisfied and come back to us. With the help of his name we shall do the largest business in Vienna."

With much care the partners drew up and despatched a letter, thanking the great man for the honour he had done them, and enclosing a promise to pay a sum which they ventured to think would meet his views. They added that, in order to save him the trouble of writing a reply, they would at once proceed with the printing of the music unless he should wish to see them previously. As there was no reason to suppose their offer could be rejected, they put the work in hand immediately.

Now, it happened that Dr. Lithauer had left Vienna that very day to spend a month at a nobleman's country house, so that he did not receive the publishers' letter till his return home, some weeks later.

The Dayspring Sonata 229

One morning he burst into the shop of Hirsch & Lohring, holding in his hand a roll of music.

"How dare you!" he cried angrily—"how dare you play your practical jokes on me! What is the meaning of this?" and he flung down the printed sonata and the letter. Explanations followed, and the terrified publishers were aghast to learn that he had never sent them any music. They produced the MS.

"You blockheads!" exclaimed the irate composer. "Do you know your business so little that you cannot see I would never write such trash as this. This is not even like my writing. Some one has played a trick upon you."

The partners were dumbfounded. "It is not considered poor work," ventured Herr Hirsch, "for we have sold almost the whole edition, and Herr von Beethoven, to whom we sent a copy, has replied that it gave him much pleasure."

"Ah, Beethoven—an eccentric—but no true musician," said Dr. Lithauer, with a shrug of his shoulders.

He was nevertheless somewhat pacified to find that his reputation would not suffer so very greatly by the mistake which had occurred.

"And now," he asked, after a pause, "what steps do you propose to take to rectify your error?"

134 The Savage Club Papers

The committee the members agreed they would not do up any more of the *sonata* bearing the name of A. Thomas, *op. 10*, and further, that they would include in all the papers a statement of the fact that, owing to a mistake, they had unwarrantably published the name of the great composer on a production unworthy of his genius.

"And now," asked Herr Lohring, when the Doctor had left, "who can be the real author? Since the *maestro* says the writing is not the least like his, I hardly think it is a forgery, but rather the work of some obscure musician who bears the same name."

Herr Hirsch was busily counting up the cost and the profits received. "It is a great blow," he said sadly, "but the edition has gone off well, and though we lose the prestige of publishing for so great a man, we shall, after paying for the advertisements he insists on, make a clear gain of some hundred and fifty florins."

"If we can find the author, then, we may give him fifty," remarked Herr Lohring.

"Fifty! How you go ahead! Twenty or twenty-five will be ample, considering we took all the risk," cried Herr Hirsch.

Some days later Hugo Lithauer was surprised to receive

The Dayspring Sonata 231

a visit from Herr Lohring. The publisher had intended to inflict a severe lecture upon him for his dishonesty in trying to make capital out of the similarity of his own and the great composer's name; but when he saw the destitution in which the young man was living, and understood how very ill he was, the reproach died away upon his lips.

"I have brought you your share of the profits from the Dayspring Sonata," he said, laying a roll of twenty florins on the table; and then, as he saw the pale, eager face light up, he took ten more and added them to the sum.

"It is printed, then!" cried Hugo. "Oh, did you bring a copy with you?"

"No, but I will send you one to-morrow."

"And it is really in print? Now I shall soon get well—you have done me so much good, and I don't know how to thank you for your generosity in publishing the work of one who has come to you without any introduction."

Herr Lohring felt an uncomfortable sensation of heat at his temples as he hurriedly left the room.

The next morning, when Hugo's landlady came to bring him a roll and coffee (for though he was already in her debt she was sorry for him and gave him a little food now that he was too ill to go out), she saw the florins on the table.

113 The Savage Club Papers

"A little money, you have, then, some money, after all!"
she exclaimed joyfully.

There was no answer. She went to the bed to wake
him, and in a moment she understood that all was over.

The joy of seeing his work in print, the grief of reading
another's name upon it, would never come to him now.

* * * * *

At that, when people spoke to Dr. Lithauer about his
new sonata he repudiated the authorship of it; but when
he found that there was nothing but praise of it, he said
no more about it, contenting himself with an ambiguous
smile. Later, he even ventured to say, "I am glad you like
it. I myself think it is not bad." Long years afterwards,
when many a new idol had led away the fickle public
from him, and a new taste in music had arisen, people
would tell each other, "He was considered a great com-
poser once. Don't you know he wrote the Dayspring
Sonata?" Then the younger generation of musicians would
look at him with respect.

Many years have gone by since his death. The ex-
quisite melody, the subtle harmonies, and the joyous
passion of the Dayspring Sonata still cause pleasure to
thousands; but it is only the lover of obsolete curiosities who
ever thinks of playing any other work by Dr. Lithauer.

1. 2.

3. 4.



Drawn by W. RALSTON.

"TOOK MORNING BATHS AND EXERCISE."

THE DISAPPOINTED CENTENARIAN

BY E. J. GOODMAN.

A MISERABLE man is he who hungers after fame
Without possessing brains enough to make himself a
name.

He's like the frog who tried to grow—in Æsop's well-
known fable—

As big and bulky as a bull, but found he wasn't able.

It's very sad to be in such an incomplete condition—

With very small capacity, and very large ambition.

Now this was the predicament of Ebenezer Pott—

He wanted to be famous, and he didn't care for what.

He took to painting pictures, but he couldn't get them
hung ;

Then turned his hand to comic songs, but couldn't get
them sung ;

He wrote a shilling shocker, just to show he *couldn't* write ;

And when he acted on the stage, he did so—for one
night.

236 The Savage Club Papers

Poor Pott ! It makes me weep to think how much he had
to suffer.

In all he did he proved himself a hopeless dunce and
duffer.

And yet the more that Fortune frowned, and Fate resolved
to flout him,

The more was he determined to make people talk about
him.

No doubt by this you will have guessed that Pott was
rather vain—

The fact is undeniable, as I admit with pain—

And, prompted by this vanity, he made himself appear

A trifle younger than he was ; but only by a year.

Of course 'twas at the time of life when men have "crossed
the line" ;

So, when his age was fifty, he declared it forty-nine.

Such conduct is extremely wrong—it's shabby and it's
shifty

To say that you are forty-nine when you are really fifty.

He did the same at sixty, and at seventy as well,

And so his age, with one year short, his friends could
always tell.

By this time he had given up all hope of being famous—

He knew himself to be a fool, an ass, an ignoramus.

The Disappointed Centenarian 237

But though he saw he stood no chance of doing something
glorious,

He thought at least he might become a little bit notorious.

'Twas not too late ; though old, he was a very healthy
party ;

At eighty—that is, seventy-nine—he still was hale and
hearty ;

So much so, that, as time went on and left him stout and
strong,

He thought that he might make a name by living very
long.

Considering that the life of man is noted for its brevity,

A certain fame attaches to exceptional longevity.

So Pott resolved that, if he could, he'd made a sort of
mark

By being that uncommon thing—a grand old patriarch.

“I'll live a hundred years,” he cried—“It is a splendid
plan !—

And be that wonder of the world—a cen-ten-ari-an !”

But, ah ! there was that fatal fib to mar his fond design :

At ninety all his friends declared that he was eighty-nine.

But what of that ? It only caused the valiant Pott to
strive,

With all his might and all his main, to keep himself alive.

238 The Savage Club Papers

He studied all the rules of health, and kept them, every
one ;

Rose early, and retired to rest soon after set of sun ;
Took morning baths and exercise, was careful in his diet,
And never let unpleasant things disturb his mental quiet ;
In short, led such a model life that it appeared indeed
As if in this attempt at least he really would succeed.

And so he did, until at last the precious, golden crown—
His hundred years—was in his reach : and then poor Pott
broke down ;

His splendid health deserted him, and left him ill and
weak,

With failing senses, tottering limbs, and wrinkled brow and
cheek,

As well as many other signs of growing age, that tend
To show a man is nearing what is called "his latter
end."

At last his final day of mortal life arrived ; but then
It was his birthday, and he was just ninety years and
ten.

He gathered round him all his friends and cried, "I've
won the game

I played with good old Father Time and made myself a
name !

The Disappointed Centenarian 239

Remember, I'm a hundred"—but, although these words he
said,

Each sorrowing acquaintance shook a more than doubtful
head.

"I tell you I'm a hundred," cried again the dying man—

"I'm ten times ten! A hundred! I'm a cen-ten-ari-an!"

Of course his friends were too polite to tell him that he
lied :

They only disbelieved him ; and they did so till he died.

And then they put upon his tomb—not knowing that they
blundered :

"Here lies E. Pott, aged ninety-nine." He really *was* a
hundred !



[Drawn by HERBERT JOHNSON.]

DR. NANSEN AT THE SAVAGE CLUB.

"Had you seen me last May or June, you would have said I was as good a Savage as any of you. For fifteen months I hadn't used soap."—SAVAGE CLUB, February 6th, 1897.



ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

BY ARTHUR MORRISON.

BILL HARNELL, waterman, red and hairy, clumped home late up Old Gravel Lane. For such bad times as these on the river, Bill had had a lucky spell, and he bore its trophies with him. A new pair of water-boots are things of consideration, a matter of thirty-five shillings; a piece of trade gear renewed on momentous days, years apart, when the fates are propitious and savings adequate; days remembered with birthdays and wedding-days. This had been such a day; more, it was a day of general rig-out, and Bill Harnell's blue serge coat, thick as a board, was new and stiff from the slop-shop—as also was his cap. Where light fell from a shop-window a bulging pocket was observable in the new coat, with an exposed wrap of paper, and a fishtail, signs of supper provided for. And so Bill Harnell, rolling at the shoulders, stiff and heavy below the knees, clumped home that evening up Old Gravel Lane, reflective.

244 The Savage Club Papers

Truly he was a fortunate man, and not as so many in the swamp of humanity about him. There were some whom the price of his water-boots would keep in better raiment than their own for two years and more, and to whom his serge coat, when rotten and threadbare with time, would be a prize worth risking a life for ; many who at that moment might be debating whether or not more of life were worth the waiting for—for want of an unconsidered morsel of that supper that bulged his coat-pocket.

Was Bill Harnell clairvoyant? Two hundred yards ahead, where the great dock wall turned its vast flank into the lane, a bridge spanned a dark channel. It was the "Mr. Baker's trap" of old days—since that coroner's time called, with more sentiment and less wit, the Bridge of Sighs. Here the life-weary, and those drunk enough to feel so, from all Wapping, Shadwell and Ratcliff, flung over into the foul dock-fluid, and were drowned and lost, or fished out, dead or alive as the case might be, with boat-hooks. Mostly they were women. And there were so many that a policeman on that beat would stop and watch any woman as she crossed the bridge, and would hasten to move on one who showed a sign of lingering.

Now no policeman was in sight ; no man but one, a hulking shadow, half visible up a foul passage. Down

One More Unfortunate 245

on the rail of the bridge a woman cowered, thinly clothed and almost shoeless, clutching the iron with both hands, and turning her eager, haggard face this way and that as she listened.

From along the lane came the sound of a slow, heavy tramp. A policeman! The woman rose and hurried toward the deeper shadow by the dock-wall. No—not a policeman; a home-going waterman with heavy new water-boots. The woman hesitated and stopped. There were other, fainter footsteps, farther off. Now—or wait? Now. She ran back to the middle of the bridge, seized the rail, flung her knee upon it and rolled over.

There was a great splash and a shriek. Bill Harnell, slow and heavy ashore, was deft and active in sight of water. From his trudge he broke into a clangorous run, and swung down by the bridge-foot to the quay. There was no boat and no long hook. In an instant his thick coat was off, and sitting on it, he tore off his heavy boots, dropped them on the spot with his cap, and dived. Something floated in the shadow of the bridge, and for that he swam. It was the woman, floating still, and shrieking, though now but faintly. He took her by the hair and turned for the quay-steps. She made no trouble by way of clinging and clutching, for which Bill was duly

246 The Savage Club Papers

thankful ; for he had rescued before, in the river. Up the steps he lifted her by the arm-pits and set her down. There he left her, and took to staring about the quay-paving ; for the black heap of coat and boots was no longer there.

His glance rose from his feet, and lo ! up by the bridge-foot, her single skirt clutched about her knees, scuttled the woman, nimble though dripping, and vanished in the foul passage, where now no hulking shadow was. Two seconds more of staring, and Bill followed in his wet socks. But the passage was empty. It led into an alley ; the alley was empty also. Bill Harnell returned, and found a stranger or two.

"Lor'!" said an immense woman, who kept her hands under her apron. "Done 'im for 'is boots, pore bloke. Wot a shame!"

"Wet, mate?" asked another, kindly.

"It's jist the same ol' game," pursued the first. "They done it afore, many's a time. It's water-boots they tries for mostly. They ought t' 'ave six munse, both on 'em,—'er an' 'er bloke. *She* won't never be drowned ; swims like anythink!"

"Wot's 'er name?" demanded Bill, as the state of the case grew apparent. "'Oo are they, an' where do they live?"

One More Unfortunate 247

The faces about him were instantly expressionless as a brick wall. "No—we dunno, mate," came the reply, in far-away tones; "we dunno nothin' about 'em. You go 'ome 'fore you ketch cold."

His teeth were chattering already. "An' if I'd 'a' let 'er drownd," he mumbled dismally, "I might 'a' got five bob for findin' the body!" And that was the truth.



ALBERT TOFT-197

[Drawn by ALBERT TOFT.]

PICCANINNIES.



THE GUNPOWDER PLOT EXPLODED.

A FANCY FOUNDED ON HISTORY.

BY EDWARD DRAPER.

Illustrated by JOHN PROCTOR.

" . . . Far ye crowds retire :
Behold ! the ready match is tipt with fire,
The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train
With running blaze awakes the barrell'd grain ;
Flames sudden wrap the walls ; with sullen sound
The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoky gound."

GAY (*Trivia*, Book 3).

ON the evening of one 5th of November, in the reign of King Charles (long afterwards styled "the First") two gentleman sat in the library of a well-appointed country mansion. The walls of the room, where not occupied by family portraits framed into the panelled and richly carved wainscoting, were filled with shelves supporting books chiefly treating of science, travel, and history. On a small oaken table, before the elder of the two personages, were a couple of volumes. One of these was entitled "The Workes of The Most High and Mightie

252 The Savage Club Papers

Prince James, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith," etc., and it purported to be published by "James, Bishop of Winton" (Winchester) in 1616.

It was open at "A Discourse of the Maner of the Discoverie of the Powder Treason." By its side was a Book of Common Prayer, from which a pendant silken tassel indicated the position therein of "A Forme of Prayer with Thanksgiving for the happy Deliverance of the King and the Three Estates of England from the most traiterous intended Massacre by Gunpowder."

It may here be noted, that in later days and up to far into the present century, this same service, in the irony of events, was used also to commemorate the happy arrival, on a 5th of November, of His Majesty King William, upon the final expulsion of the last of the male dynasty of the once "Most High and Mightie Defender of the Faith," etc. Thus the Form of Thanksgiving served as equally acceptable to Hanoverians and Jacobites. Modern almanacs note the same date as that of the Battle of Inkerman. But this is a digression.

The elder of the two gentlemen (they were evidently father and son) was dressed in a somewhat more antique style of costume than the younger. The elder wore a lace ruff around his neck, and his hose reached somewhat

The Gunpowder Plot Exploded 253

higher than those of the other, whose broad, lace-edged collar covered his shoulders. The hair of the elder was more closely cut, and his beard was trimmed to a point; the other wore long ringlets, and the lower part of his face bore only a scarcely fully developed moustache. They were Richard Evelyn and his son John.

"By the way, sir," began John, "I have always been told that you knew more than most folk about the horrid and traitorous plot of which this day is the anniversary. May I not now, as many years have passed since its discovery, be permitted to share your confidence?"

"Truly," replied the elder, "I had learned something of it from your grandfather George. It was he whose mills supplied the powder stored to complete the murderous design, so happily frustrated. But I will tell the story as he told it to me under a tacit confidence, now no longer necessary, both he and King James having now been dead for many years.

"As you know, he was a gunpowder manufacturer on a very large scale. Practically, in those days he had the monopoly of the industry, for there were no powder-mill owners other than he within many miles of London. He supplied the Army and the Navy of His Majesty. But in return for these high and lucrative appointments he

254 'The Savage Club Papers

was rigidly bound by special regulations. He was not permitted to vend his own ware by retail, nor in large quantities—casks or barrels—to any retail dealer throughout the King's dominions. These could only be supplied to buyers through special permits, and these must receive the assent of his Majesty, or of some high authority by him duly appointed, from among his highest State officers. Even then, he was subject to certain precautionary directions, as you will shortly find. And truly this was a proper and wise limitation, nor did my father find cause to complain thereof.

"It was on the 4th of November, 1605, that your grandfather received a morning visit from his dear old friend and frequent visitor, the Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, who, as you know, was frequently employed by the King to transact personally State matters requiring astuteness, secrecy, and trustworthiness. And his mission here to Wotton on that morning was to require my father's attendance the same night at 'The Chequers,' a famous inn at Millbank, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Houses of Parliament. He was to take with him a trusty band of armed servants for protection on the road. These would be lodged at the inn, where he was directed to ask for Master Scot, to whom he would be at once

The Gunpowder Plot Exploded 255

introduced, and whom he was on no account whatever to address by any other title, whomsoever he might recognise as taking that name. He was to be at the inn at least an hour before midnight.

“Your grandfather obeyed the command implicitly, taking with him a dozen stout servitors. He was furnished with a password which he was instructed would enable him to pass any other armed party, should he be challenged on the way. This happened, in fact, more than once upon the road, where he met guards completely armoured, who accosted him in stern military style, but who saluted the party courteously upon his giving the pass-word ‘Silver-staff,’ and supplying his name and destination, which were duly noted. The last challenge was given and satisfied at Whitehall Gate. Your grandfather’s party shortly afterwards entered the inn-yard, a little before the hour of eleven, and, having found that accommodation had been provided for his retinue and horses, he, having duly inquired as directed, was ushered into the presence of a party of gentlemen, and was duly introduced to ‘Master Scot,’ in whom he recognised the King. A significant glance reminded him not to use the customary loyal courtesies due from a subject to his monarch; but he was cheerfully invited to share the wine,

256 The Savage Club Papers

of which there was a profusion on the table. 'Master Scot' seemed absorbed in regarding from the window opposite his seat the various arrivals of travellers and others to the inn-yard, and the visitors to the bar upon the other side.

"Suddenly a movement as of intense interest was shown by the party. A tall fellow, wearing a broad slouch hat and a horseman's cloak, entered the yard, and, flinging himself upon the seat outside the front of the bar, ordered a pot of ale. As he extended his legs over the pavement he was seen to be booted and spurred, though he gave no indications of having ridden that night. Then he drew a handsome gold watch from his pocket and gazed at it intently.

"'Ken ye yon mon?' inquired 'Master Scot' suddenly, as the tapster entered with more wine and glasses. The man stared incomprehensively, as knowing nothing of the Scotch language. The query was translated and answered.

"'That be Johnson, sir, servant to Master Percy. He always comes for his last pottle just before midnight, with his pipe.'

"'That is so,' added one of the guests, whom the King had once during the sitting addressed as Tom. When any of the others spoke to him they called him Sir Thomas.

The Gunpowder Plot Exploded 257

‘And now,’ added he, ‘I must be busy.’ With a bow to the party he left them.

“The tall man drew out a long pipe, and, having filled the bowl with tobacco, lighted it from a tinder-box which he had brought with him. ‘Master Scot’ made a gesture and grimace expressing ineffable disgust.

“Then Johnson again consulted his watch.

“‘That horologe again!’ said ‘Master Scot.’

“‘Aye,’ said one of the company. ‘Master Percy bought it but yesterday in Cheapside. Johnson seems with it like a child with a new toy.’

“‘Doubtless he hath some urgent tryst,’ said the King. ‘But I misdoubt me sairly he will scarcely need his steed for his journey the night.’

“The tall man finished his pipe and strolled off leisurely. The one who had spoken about the watch, instantly making an obeisance, rose and left the company.

“The King replenished his wine-glass, and passed the bottle to his assembled friends. From the clock-tower in Palace Yard came the tolling of midnight. The company remained at their wine till a sudden turmoil was heard outside, and Sir Thomas rushed in, pale to lividness with excitement.

“He was Sir Thomas Knyvett, High Constable of

238 The Savage Club Papers

Westminster, and bearer of the silver staff still carried on grand occasions by the bearer of that now almost obsolete office. In a few sentences he told the now well-known story of the arrest of Guy Fawkes, but with an addition omitted from the King's chronicle. The prisoner had been seized at the doorway of the cellar, pinioned, disarmed, and held by the guards during their examination of the apparatus arranged to carry out the plot. A time-fuse had been artfully made of a quantity of touchwood, and the guards were filled with horror at the sight of the powder-barrels. To these there was a train of gunpowder an inch deep and twice that in width. When this was disclosed, the prisoner suddenly gave a violent spasmodic struggle and, striking the stone floor suddenly with his iron heel, ignited the train! It reached the barrels and——"

Here Mr. Evelyn paused in his narration. At that moment a loud explosion was heard which shook the windows of the room and reverberated among the chain of Surrey hills around. Then a bright red glare was seen, which fell upon the portraits on the walls. Young Evelyn almost started from his chair.

"'Tis only Dickon Armstrong, the smith and armourer. He hath contrived to drill a touch-hole to the hollow of

The Gunpowder Plot Exploded 259

his anvil, and when charged and fired it maketh a report like unto a caliver. And they have lighted the bonfire on the village green. But to return to the story."

"But the powder in the cellars—how was that miraculously spared from explosion!" interrupted John.

"You shall hear directly. Sir Thomas never knew, for he had no intimation, why the fire of the train had been suddenly and apparently miraculously arrested. He was enjoined, moreover, to keep the fact of the ignition a secret, which he, for his own sake, was willing enough to do. In a few minutes the company dispersed—but the King lingered behind for a minute, and when an opportunity offered turned rapidly round to my father and, while scarcely able to stop an almost hysterical burst of laughter, stammered out,—

" 'Hey, Geordie, mon. Hoo did ye mak yon pooder?'

"To which came the reply, 'Sawdust and blacklead your—I beg pardon, Maister Scot.' At which the knowing old Monarch laughed afresh. 'Thanks to my Lord Cecil, I knew the intent thereof from the first. That in the villain's powder-flask, like that forming the train, was bought here in Westminster!'"

260 The Savage Club Papers

But," interposed John, when his father had ended his narration, "it seems, with all due respect, sir, scarcely credible that the King should stoop to such a horrible practical jest."

"Read his own words," replied his father, turning over the leaves of "The Maner of the Discoverie." "You will note that the royal author never once uses the word 'gunpowder' when he writes of the explosive. It is always 'powder,' except when described by the prisoners' confessions. Note, also, that a large bag of about four pounds weight of the stuff was blown out of doors when Catesby and Winter were drying a small quantity to resist arrest!"

"What! Gunpowder blown out of a house by gunpowder! And without a second explosion?"

"My father had made the larger quantity in the bag for Catesby, at the private factory, where the special powder was made for the conspirators," replied the elder Evelyn. "Note that throughout the whole examination of all the witnesses, not one is ever asked to tell whence he obtained the powder. Surely among all the questions put by such skilful examiners as Edward Coke, Cecil—aye, and the King himself, who was no more a dullard than any one of the many questioners among his Council—this query would

The Gunpowder Plot Exploded 261

naturally have been among the first, had information been required upon the point. Winter tells that Catesby bought the powder, and this is all. Besides, see here, in his own book, how the King himself sums up the matter that whosoever runneth may read. Here are his own words, in almost the last paragraph. He calls the Plot 'This Tragedie to the Traitors, but Tragi-Comedie to the King and all his trew Subjects.' That a powder plot had been projected, and that the King and his Council had been warned darkly thereof, long before the powder was even ground, nothing more likely. Not so that he, with the explosion in which his father, Henry Stuart, had perished at the Kirk o' Field, known to him from his boyhood's days, would ever have allowed powder enough to destroy a city's walls to be accumulated within the cellars of his Palace of Westminster and the Houses of his loyal Lords and Commons."

It was for John Evelyn to place to a practical account, and to a national use, upwards of sixty years after the Powder Plot, the lesson taught thereby. It was for him, while riding with Charles II. on the outskirts of the furious great Fire of London in 1666, to suggest a means whereby the gigantic mass of flames could be withstood. For this purpose he employed barrels of gunpowder and fuses placed

262 The Savage Club Papers

in the cellars of groups of houses to the leeward of those burning. That this was still used at a far later period is proved by the quotation given at the head of this story.



DYNAMITE.

BY HENRY DE MOSENTHAL, F.I.C.

IN most minds dynamite is associated solely with anarchism and Nihilism and those outrages of which we have had such appalling examples in recent years ; and most of us are liable to forget that it is a formidable agent made subservient to man, enabling him to burrow the earth in search of metals and coal, to tunnel through mountains, to cut new water-ways, and remove obstructions which stand in his path. Every one knows, of course, that dynamite is a violent explosive, but few have troubled to inquire further into its nature. Even among experts, we frequently hear dynamite used as a generic term for all powerful explosives, although it is only strictly applicable to an explosive consisting of nitro-glycerine incorporated with an absorbent material.

Sobrero, an Italian chemist, discovered in 1846 that by treating glycerine with nitric acid he obtained an oily substance—nitro-glycerine—of a highly explosive nature.

264 The Savage Club Papers

For nearly fifteen years nitro-glycerine remained a scientific curiosity, until Alfred Nobel, a Swedish engineer, took up its manufacture on a commercial scale as a blasting agent. At the same time he showed that, in order to utilise the entire energy of this blasting oil, it had to be fired by means of a detonator, which is a very powerful form of percussion cap. It was soon found, however, that this sensitive and highly explosive liquid was extremely dangerous, and some frightful accidents occurred with it in course of transit, in consequence of which its use was prohibited in England and several other countries. In 1866 Nobel discovered that it could be safely handled and stored when absorbed in certain inert porous substances, in the form of a plastic mass, which he called "dynamite." This was much less sensitive to shock or blow than nitro-glycerine in its liquid form, and was so safe that it could be burnt without exploding. The absorbent material which Nobel specially recommended, and which is now generally used in Europe for the purpose, is an earth known by the name of "kieselguhr," which is so light and porous that it absorbs and retains from three to four times its own weight of nitro-glycerine; so that seventy-five per cent. of nitro-glycerine can be readily incorporated with twenty-

five per cent. of kieselguhr. These two substances, when well kneaded together in these proportions, constitute dynamite as manufactured in this country.

The nitro-glycerine itself is made by letting glycerine flow slowly into a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids. This mixture is kept stirred, usually by the action of compressed air, and is surrounded by a current of cold water for the purpose of reducing the heat evolved by the chemical action, which would otherwise cause the entire mixture to explode. By this process, which is termed nitration, nitro-glycerine is rapidly formed, and it floats on the acids, from which it is next removed to a tank, and there thoroughly washed. It resembles salad oil in appearance, but is much heavier—in fact, it is heavier than water. Nitro-glycerine is very poisonous, and when brought into contact with the skin frequently occasions severe headaches in persons unaccustomed to handle it; but in very minute doses it is a useful medicine in cases of angina pectoris and asthma.

The kieselguhr, which is also called “infusorial earth” or “fossil meal,” occurs in large deposits in many parts of the world, the best known being those in North Germany and in Aberdeenshire. It is found as a very light white, grey, or greenish earth, consisting of pure silica with

266 The Savage Club Papers

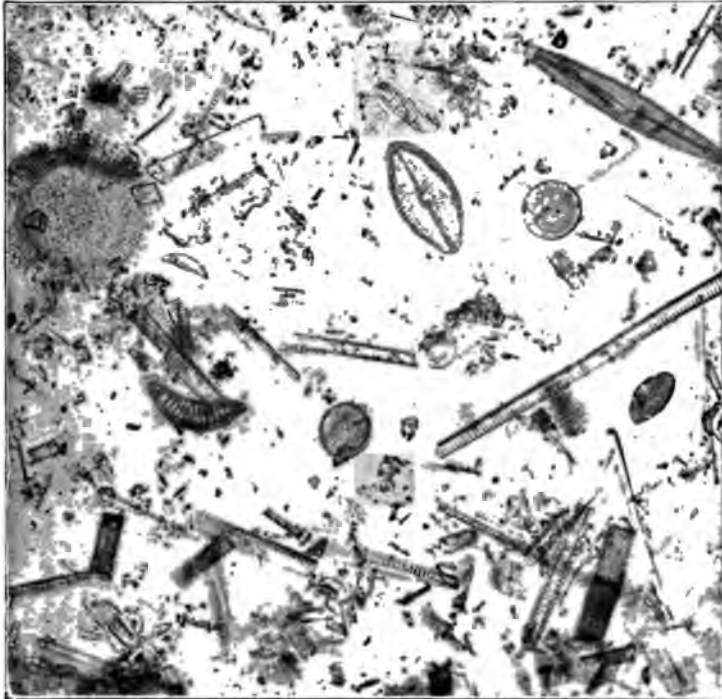
some organic matter and moisture, which latter are both removed by calcination ; so that, when calcined, sifted, and ground, the earth presents the appearance of a fine light meal, like finely ground pumice-stone except that it is pinkish-white.

It is well known that if we examine chalk under the microscope we find it consists of innumerable tiny structures, the calcareous remains of myriads of very minute animals: in a like manner kieselguhr is found to be made up of the silicious remains of numberless microscopical plants, termed "diatoms," as illustrated by the accompanying microphotograph.

"Tripoli," and several other similar substances, used for cleaning jewellery and plate, also consist of such diatoms, so that, as Lyall remarks, several millions, perhaps tens of millions, of these perfect fossils are crushed to atoms at every stroke we make with the polishing powder. Ehrenberg estimated that in one cubic inch of "Tripoli," weighing 220 grains, there are 41,000 millions of these minute fossils, or 187 millions in a single grain.

The diatoms, or diatomaceæ, abound in the sea, also in ponds, lakes, and rivulets, and several thousand different kinds have been described and named ; they were at one time thought to be animals, but are now generally regarded

as plants. A diatom is described as consisting of a single cell, which is enclosed by a rigid silicious wall, consisting of two halves, or valves, the one overlapping the other



PHOTOGRAPH OF KIESELGUHR AS SEEN UNDER THE MICROSCOPE WITH
A MAGNIFICATION OF 500 DIAMETERS, SO THAT THE FOSSIL
DIATOMS APPEAR 250,000 TIMES THEIR ACTUAL SIZE.

like the two parts of a pill-box. We must therefore regard the fossil diatoms composing kieselguhr as resembling so

268 The Savage Club Papers

many minute pill-boxes, and it is into these tiny receptacles that the nitro-glycerine penetrates, forming, when the whole is kneaded together, the explosive dough, or dynamite. The pinkish-white kieselguhr turns reddish-brown as soon as it is mixed with the nitro-glycerine, and, in the finished reddish-brown dynamite, the diatoms are no longer so clearly seen. The absence of colour in photography makes a micro-photographical representation difficult, but the accompanying illustration may, if this is borne in mind, give the reader an idea of the appearance of dynamite under the microscope.

The broad diatom of tubular appearance in the left-hand corner of the illustration shows better than the others how the nitro-glycerine is encased in each individual fossil.

It is evident that dynamite is only safe when it is made so that none of the explosive oil can run out or exude; and as water in contact with it would displace the nitro-glycerine contained in the kieselguhr, it is important to keep the explosive dry. Dynamite is usually made up into paper cartridges about three inches long, three-quarters to one inch in diameter, and weighing about four ounces. Such a cartridge is cylindrical in shape, like a soap shaving-stick, but it yields to the touch, as if the

paper contained putty. If the paper be removed the dynamite itself might easily be mistaken for toffee, were it not that it is crumbly. The cartridges are made of this shape and size so that they may fit the bore-holes



PHOTOGRAPH OF A PARTICLE OF DYNAMITE AS SEEN UNDER THE MICROSCOPE WITH A MAGNIFICATION OF 700 DIAMETERS, OR NEARLY HALF A MILLION TIMES ITS NATURAL SIZE.

drilled into the rock for their reception, the diameter of the heads of the drills employed being slightly in excess of that of the cartridge.

270 The Savage Club Papers

To load a bore-hole, the miner puts in several cartridges and squeezes them well home with a wooden rammer, and then adds a small cartridge, or *primer*, previously fitted with detonator and fuse, and fills up the remainder of the hole with wet clay, sand, or the like. The detonator used is a copper cap about an inch long, containing a charge of fulminate of mercury, mixed with chlorate of potash. The fuse ordinarily used consists of a core of powder wrapped in a web of cotton hemp or similar material into the form of a cord, and is frequently coated with tar or gutta-percha to protect it from damp. The detonator is fixed to the fuse, and pressed into the dynamite primer. Upon ignition of the fuse at its free end, the flame travels along the powder core at the rate of a foot a minute, and reaches the bottom of the detonator, where it fires the fulminate charge, causing its detonation, which in turn determines the explosion of the dynamite.

Electricity is likewise used for firing the charge. In that case the detonator is either fitted with wires, the ends of which are united by a fine platinum wire, which is made to glow by means of the electric current, or else the free ends of the wires are placed above the detonator and surrounded with a special explosive mixture, which is fired by the electric spark.

Dynamite is perfectly safe to transport, store, and handle; only a violent detonation or heat will cause it to explode. It is usually packed in cardboard boxes containing five pounds each, ten such boxes being placed in a wooden case lined with india-rubber cloth to keep out the wet. Such a case therefore contains fifty pounds of dynamite, which is the limit prescribed by law in this country, since heavier packages would be liable to rough handling, which it is thought best to avoid, although dynamite will not explode through rough usage. In experiments made to test this, a case of dynamite thrown over a precipice four hundred feet in depth on to the rocks below did not explode, nor did the firing of a five-pound canister of black powder in the middle of a case of dynamite explode it.

Accidents, however, do occur through carelessness, and it is astonishing how reckless some miners and others, who habitually handle explosives, become, in course of time. What shall we say, for example, of a miner who, at a wedding breakfast, had a lot of pieces of dynamite, fitted with fuse and detonator, lying before him, and commenced throwing them, one by one, out of the window, with lighted fuse, to amuse his guests by the explosion, and as a result lost his hand and seriously injured a neighbour.

272 The Savage Club Papers

Frequently accidents occur through carelessness in thawing, an operation which becomes necessary in the winter, as nitro-glycerine, and consequently dynamite, freezes at about 45° Fahr. Dynamite can be easily and safely thawed in a warming pan constructed for the purpose. Miners, frequently, however, will not take the trouble to use the proper apparatus, but thaw the dynamite in their pockets—which would not matter if they were always to remember that they had put it there. A number of cases are recorded where men have lost their lives by thawing dynamite near an open fire, placing it on a stove, or otherwise acting contrary to the commonest dictates of prudence.

The direct effects of an explosion of dynamite are very local. If you were to suspend a quarter of a pound of dynamite on a string from the ceiling and explode it at one foot above your dining-room table, you would not materially injure the table, although the concussion of air in the room might break the windows. If exploded right on the table the cartridge would strike a hole into it, and, if the cartridge were well covered, little would be left of the table after the explosion. To understand this we must remember that the effects of an explosion are due to the almost instantaneous transition of the dynamite from the solid to the gaseous state, the gases requiring a much

greater space than that occupied by the solid. The heat evolved by the explosion still further increases this expansion, and the consequent pressure; and the less room we give the gases to expand in, the more havoc they will do, so that when the explosive is enclosed, as is the case when blasting operations are carried out, the effect is greater than when the explosion takes place in the open air.

Considerable skill is required in blasting when it is important that the explosive should do no more and no less work than required—as, for instance, when cutting a railway tunnel, where any rock carried away in excess of the traced arch has to be replaced by masonry, and any rock left protruding has to be subsequently removed. In addition to blasting in mines, tunnels, canals, harbour works, breaking up wrecks, etc., dynamite is frequently applied to felling trees and removing the stumps; and it has even been suggested that it could advantageously be made to do the work of the plough. Fishing with dynamite has been prohibited in most countries, to avoid needless destruction of fish, as the effects of the concussion caused in the water by the explosion of a single cartridge are fatal to piscine life over a considerable area. Where sharks abound, half a cartridge of dynamite is used to frighten them away from surf-boats, as otherwise a capsized would be a very serious

274 The Savage Club Papers

matter. In war, dynamite is but little used, serving only to blow up bridges and to destroy railways. A number of methods have, however, been suggested whereby this violent explosive, fitted with a time-cuse, could be fired from a gun, or else dropped from a balloon on to the enemy.

Although four times as strong as ordinary "black powder," dynamite is not the most powerful explosive manufactured. "Blasting gelatine," which consists of nitro-glycerine converted into a stiff jelly by the admixture of a kind of ~~ammonium~~ is fully half as powerful again; and the other ~~varieties~~ gelatine explosives—gelatine dynamite, and ~~nitro-gel~~ ~~nitro-gel~~—consisting of nitro-glycerine thickened with ~~gun-cotton~~, and mixed with saltpetre and woodmeal—are all stronger than ordinary dynamite, and are frequently used in its stead, especially in hard rock. These gelatines are quite as safe as dynamite, and have the further advantage of not being affected by water.

The world's consumption of nitro-glycerine explosives—dynamite and gelatines—amounts to many thousands of tons annually. If we bear this in mind, and consider that we only require from four to eight ounces to move a ton of rock or soil, we can form some idea of the vastness of the operations carried on by man in the crust of our globe by the aid of these powerful explosives.

HOW WE DOCKED THE *SAFIA* UP THE NILE IN 1885.

BY LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

DURING the action between the Nile steam-boat *Safia*, and the Fort at Wad-el-Habeshi, on February 3rd, 1885, a shot from the Fort pierced the boiler of the steamer. The vessel was anchored immediately she lost her way. This "brought her up" two hundred yards beyond the Fort. In order to prevent the vessel being hulled again, every available gun and rifle was brought to bear upon the embrasures of the Fort.

The *Safia* carried three 7-pounder brass Egyptian guns, besides the two machine guns brought over the desert by the Naval Brigade. The 7-pounders, placed in the only available positions, were mounted as follows:—One as a bow gun, and the other two as broadside guns—one on each side. These guns were mounted on field-carriages, the wheels being lashed, to check recoil. General Gordon



[Drawn by BERNARD F. GRIBBLE.]

"A SHOT FROM THE FORT PIERCED THE BOILER OF THE STEAMER."



How We Docked the *Safia* 279

for the enemy's guns to have missed her had they been able to fire.

After passing the Fort, neither the bow gun, the gun mounted on the starboard beam, nor either of the machine guns, could bear on the Fort, owing to the funnel casing and the obstruction offered by the bulkheads before described.

Although the thirty naval and military small-arm men kept up a murderous fire on the embrasures of the Fort, the fact that the guns were out of action allowed the enemy to train and fire their guns, a shot from one of which pierced the *Safia's* boiler.

Immediately the ship was anchored one of the machine guns was brought aft and mounted by lashings on athwartship planks abaft the funnel casing. These lashings were cut by bullets three times before the gun was secured,—after which the gun took care of itself.

The starboard 7-pounder was brought to bear on the Fort by cutting a port-hole in the after side of its protecting bulkhead. As the trail of the gun-carriage was too long to allow the gun to be mounted for firing aft instead of athwartship, the trail had to be sawn off. The shortened trail was then rested on a bag of sand, in order to lay the gun, and bags of sand were placed between it and the foremost protecting bulkhead in

280 The Savage Club Papers.

order to receive and check some of the recoil. There only being about three inches from the trail to the bulkhead it is apparent what a shock the ship received each time the gun was fired—more especially as the structure upon which the gun was mounted had had to be built up above the upper deck.

Some idea of the violence of the shock to the ship, owing to want of space for recoil, may be gathered from the fact that after every round the gun capsized and had to be remounted.

However, this one 7-pounder, the machine gun, and the small-arm men, effectually prevented the *Safia* being hulled again by the guns of the Fort during the ten hours that it took Mr. Benbow, the Chief Engineer, to repair the boiler—an operation which, although it at first appeared impossible, was, as is well known, carried out so brilliantly.

After the action the *Safia* made a large quantity of water. The greater part of this came in forward by the forefoot and stem, but a considerable quantity also entered through the side, underneath the upper deck. As the steamer was so old and rotten the bullets pierced the iron where it had no sleepers or boiler plate to protect it. Numbers of the bullet-holes were filled with



B. F. GRIBBLE

[Drawn by BERNARD F GRIBBLE.]

ON THE NILE.



How We Docked the *Safia* 283

corks and pegs of wood. But the water that was admitted through the leak in the fore-foot gained on us considerably, and after returning to camp it became absolutely necessary to do something to stop the leak.

Again Benbow's scientific head helped us through what appeared to be an insurmountable difficulty. At his suggestion we cut a dock in the bank of the river, capable of receiving the fore end of the *Safia*, up to her paddle-box. The dock was made some feet longer than was required for this, and at the extreme end a hole was dug, some feet below the bottom of the dock, capable of holding two men. This was made in order that the water, which would of a certainty find its way into the dock between the side of the ship and the mud-bank, could be baled out. As the current in the river in the place selected ran about two knots, the vessel was taken up a short distance, an anchor let go from her port quarter, and by her steam and a bow-hawser she was wedged into this novel dock. Flags, reeds, etc., were placed just outside the entrance of the dock, between the ship and the bank, and these, by the pressure of the water, materially assisted to keep the water out. Naturally, however, a large quantity of water entered the dock, but, running into the hole at the head, was there baled out.

284 The Savage Club Papers

By this plan we were enabled to expose the whole of the forefoot and stem.

The stem presented a curious sight. The bows of the steamer had come away about an inch and half from the forefoot each side, for about two feet. Gordon's Arab crew of the steamer had greatly helped on this state of affairs, by having caulked the leak from the inside with rags, mud, etc. The shock of the gun before described had shaken and started this primitive caulking, which accounted for the bad leak after the action.

The caulking was all cleared out—a balk of timber made to fit the inside angle of the bow. A plate was put round the stem, holes were bored, and the whole bolted through all, and caulked with oakum on the outside.

The result was most satisfactory as, although the leak was not entirely stopped, the water was afterwards easily kept under.

The expression “working like a SAVAGE” (?) was on this occasion amply justified. A huge Soudanese negro remained baling the water out of the hole for seven hours, humming a wild dirge the whole time, and appearing to take delight in the fact that he could weary out four or five other men, though he would not himself be relieved,

A WARNING TO DRAMATISTS.

BY WILTON JONES.

I.

IT was a youthful dramatist who started on his way,
With high-falutin' notions of the functions of a play.
He swore to lash the vices and the follies of the age,
And vowed that Education was the mission of the stage.
Said he, "A play should elevate—should reach the human
soul—
"A literary flavour, too, should permeate the whole;
"The public yearn for cultured work—'twould bring in
heaps of pelf,
"So, as such a play is wanted, I will start on one
myself!"

II.

He set to work upon that play, and toiled with might
and main;
He polished up each epigram, and polished it again;

286 The Savage Club Papers

Till, finally, his dialogue, poetic in its tone,
Possessed a subtle charm which modern plays had seldom
known.

His drama was a noble one—a tale of human woe,
Of suffering and sorrow such as few poor mortals know;
It was graceful, it was brilliant, it was tender, it was sad—
Even managers who read the piece declared it “Not so
bad!”

III.

For five long years upon that play he'd burnt the mid-
night oil,
And then commenced five more long years of pilgrimage
and toil.

He haunted the stage-entrance of each playhouse near
the Strand,

Despair upon his pallid face, his drama in his hand.

And hungrily he waited on the steps of each lessee,

Who told him, “Very good, my boy, but not the thing
for *me*!”

At last Dame Fortune smiled, for, having got a “frost”
from France,

One manager said gloomily, “I'll give the thing a chance.”



[Drawn by OLIVER PAQUE (WILLIAM PIKE).]

"IT WAS A YOUTHFUL DRAMATIST WHO STARTED ON HIS WAY."



A Warning to Dramatists 289

IV.

The drama pleased the critics, and the pit cried out,

“Bravo!”

The papers said, “A splendid play! All London’s sure to go.”

But though the critics cried aloud, “A splendid, noble play!”

The paying British public kept religiously away.

And those who saw it seemed depressed, and called it
“Pretty fair,”

And the rustling sound of “paper” stirred the languid evening air.

The manager exclaimed, “My show’s the emptiest of sheds—

I shall have to take it off, lad. It’s above their blooming heads!”

V.

Then, shabby, shoeless, shirtless, and with scarce enough to eat,

This noble-minded dramatist would daily haunt the street;
And when ’twas time for dining, his last penny he’d employ
In the purchase of a trotter or a tasty saveloy.

290 The Savage Club Papers

When lo! a friend who saw him cried, "You're in a pretty plight!

What! Try to *teach* the public? You will starve—and serve you right.

If you want to make a fortune—see your pockets nicely lined—

You must give 'em melodrama of a wild and gory kind."

VI.

The dramatist took heart, went home, and wrote another play;

He knocked it off like winking, doing half an Act a day.

He outraged probabilities—defied all Nature's laws—

And worked in bits of claptrap which were bound to fetch applause.

Each Act contained three murders—I am speaking by the card;

The persecuted hero spoke heroics by the yard;

And the villain, who, of course, was just as bad as bad could be,

Tried to poison off his foes by putting match-heads in their tea.



[Drawn by OLIVER PAQUE (WILLIAM PIKE).]

"'YOU MUST GIVE 'EM MELODRAMA OF A WILD AND GORY KIND.'"



A Warning to Dramatists 293

VII.

When folks began to wonder what the play was all about,
The scenery astonished them by turning inside out ;
When for interest and plot the author seemed at any loss,
London Bridge at once flopped over and appeared as
Charing Cross.

The public thronged the house for years, and, when the
play was o'er,

Vowed they'd never seen a piece so fine—so natural—
before ;

And the dramatist, descending from his elevated plank,
Now is happy with a balance of a million at the bank !



[Drawn by OLIVER PAQUE (WILLIAM PIKE).]

"NOW IS HAPPY WITH A BALANCE OF A MILLION AT THE BANK."



A BRUSH WITH BRIGANDS.

BY A. SYMONS ECCLES.

I HAD just finished my evening round through the wards of the little hospital outside the barrack square at Kouzoumkalè when Lieutenant Suleiman came in and said,—

“Doctor Effendi, the Colonel wants to see you.”

This was rather an unusual request at that hour of the day, for I had not long left the Bimbashi, when the whole battalion had paraded according to custom and had shouted as one man, “*Padishah Chök yasha !*” (Long live the Sultan !).

With some misgivings as to whether I was to get a wiggling for the too vehement condemnation I had pronounced earlier in the day on the contractor and all his works, in reference to some provisions supplied to the troops, I joined Suleiman, who accompanied me to the Colonel's quarters, where, to my surprise, I found most of my brother officers sitting round the divan, twirling

298 The Savage Club Papers

their rosaries, and looking more than ordinarily solemn. Saluting the chief, I subsided on to the space which Ali Bey, the captain of No. 1 Company, made for me between him and the paymaster. The usual salaams were rather hastily exchanged, and the moment the Bimbashi's *cafedjee* had given me a cigarette he was hastily bidden to retire, in the sharp and expressive terms of the Turkish soldier—" *Haidee! Git!*" (Quick, be off!). Something was up; and no sooner had the servant retired out of earshot than the Colonel himself retold the news which some present had evidently heard before.

Let me here explain that the incident to be briefly recounted occurred at the time of the Turco-Servian War, in a province no longer appertaining to the Ottoman Empire, where I found myself attached as an English volunteer surgeon to the 2nd Battalion 1st Regiment of Redifs Corps d'Armée, stationed not far from the then existing frontier. Avowedly, I am what some would term a philo-Turk, and I think there are few who have had the privilege of serving with the Imperial Ottoman troops for three years, under the circumstances which happily fell to my lot, who could do otherwise than retain affectionate memories of the good comrades and gallant men with whom they had passed through some of the scenes

A Brush with Brigands 299

in the last great struggle between the Crescent and the Cross.

However, the Russo-Turkish Campaign had not yet commenced when the little conclave assembled in my old friend Hadji Omar's quarters listened to the story of hideous and revolting outrage perpetrated by a band of brigands on the inhabitants of a Mussulman hamlet, in which none save a few old and decrepit men were left by the conscription and call to arms of the territorial forces.

I cannot describe the treatment to which women and children, old men and babes, had been subjected by the scoundrels who, taking advantage of the absence of the able-bodied men of the district, committed crimes which are too horrible to recount. Suffice it to say that they were such as the most devilish ingenuity of human monsters would find it hard to beat ; and there we were, a party of Turkish officers with one Englishman, met to devise a plan which should entail speedy retribution on those whose deeds had filled us with an awful horror and a terrible lust for vengeance. Mark you, the men whose fathers, wives, and little ones had been massacred, or left half dead, among the smoking ruins of their desecrated homes, were serving in our own battalion.

300 The Savage Club Papers

Mustapha Agha, the martinet of the corps, begged the Bimbashi, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, to let him lead his company against the Giaours who had done this thing. But no, the Colonel (the unspeakable Turk!) refused. Were not the men, now homeless, widowed, and childless, serving in the company of the grizzled Albanian captain who preferred this request? Yes, they were; and for this reason the order was given immediately that the men of No. 6 Company should be confined to barracks; the guards were doubled, and not one of those who had suffered from the Klephts (brigands) was permitted to escape the vigilance of the veteran Mustapha and his subalterns, who were held personally responsible for obedience to the stern decree of our Chief. He would not have the good name of his battalion besmirched by any excess which desire for revenge might, and assuredly would, promote.

Rapidly, almost in whispers, our plan of action was discussed and decided. The Commandant of the Hoodudyeh (Frontier Guard), in his despatch to our Colonel apprising him of the act of brigandage and the probable retreat of the band, had detailed the measures already taken to prevent escape across the frontier; the block-houses were reinforced, the cavalry stationed at Marditza were patrolling

A Brush with Brigands 301

the plain between us and the foot of the mountains, in one of whose upland valleys the little village now destroyed had previously nestled. My colleague from the cavalry dépôt was already doing what was possible for the survivors on the spot, the brigands having made off into the mountains before the news of their misdeeds had reached the nearest block-house, brought by a shepherd-boy, who had seen the fire and heard the shots whose import he knew too well. For rumours had been abroad that the Klephts were out long before their presence was confirmed by the tale we heard that night. Our assistant surgeon, Maylek Effendi, was down with fever and ague ; my colleague of the artillery, stationed in the old Genoese fort, a mile the other side of the town, was growing grey in the service, and was little fitted to accompany troops on foot, scouring the mountains in search of brigands ; so there was no one save me to detail for duty with the two companies told off to hunt, and, if possible, to capture, dead or alive, the fiends whose murderous and loathsome misdeeds led to my first experience of fighting.

That night we started across the plain, Ali Bey, the captain of No. 1 Company, in command ; for we were short of officers, our Colonel-Agghasi (adjutant-major) being absent on short leave. I need not tax my memory nor

302 The Savage Club Papers

the patience of my readers to tell of how we reached the mountains, crept through the woods, and conferred with the captain of the Hoodudyeh, who, with his men, awaited us at the head of a steep ravine, where we lay and rested till nightfall again before entering on the real business of our search. Then our force divided. The Frontier Guards went upwards over a pass towards the frontier; one of our companies in detachments remained on guard in the ravine; while Ali Bey and the rest of us climbed steep slopes, scrambled through thickets, and stumbled along the dry beds of mountain streams, with every now and then a halt, for nearly three hours.

The moon had risen; but I remember that the clouds seemed to be racing across her, so that sometimes we were in murky darkness, and anon in cold, bright light. It was chilly. Osmanlis are total abstainers, and the orders were "No cigarettes," lest the striking of the flint or the glow of the lighted tobacco should betray our force. Stealthily we were creeping along the base of a rock, overshadowing a small alp, when suddenly we halted; and on the edge of the crag above us, silhouetted against the moonlight, we saw figures moving in the same direction as ourselves. Whether men or beasts we could not tell. Just above the scrub crowning the cliff we could only dis-

cern that some body of animals was afoot. Every now and then a crackling, rustling sound was faintly heard, but still the doubt remained as to who or what produced these signs of life and movement. Perhaps it was the party of Hoodudyeh with whom we might have met, or some of our own skirmishers who had reached the higher level. Personally I knew nothing, for in the hurried interview between Ali Bey and the Frontier Guardsman, before we started, I had not taken part, and since we left the scene of our bivouac not a word had escaped the leader of our little force that I could hear, save when he bade me, at the outset, keep close to him. There we stood, under the shadow of a great rock, a straggling group of men; and, shall I confess it? I was in a — ; well, never mind, some old soldiers who may deign to read this tale will know the physiological effect of the horrid funk which possessed me.

Now I remember all the circumstances of that night of nearly twenty years ago just as well as if it were yestereve; but what happened at that moment I could not tell, then nor now. Anyhow, I was standing, trying to keep my knees still, close to Ali Bey, and thankful that the darkness screened me from his gaze, when phut! bang, bang! and then I nearly jumped out of my skin as the Captain's

304 The Savage Club Papers

voice rang out, and, in less time than it takes to write, I was scrambling on knees and hands up some cleft, half pulled by the man in front and shoved by those below, till we were on the top of that rock somehow, somewhere, and the Martini-Henries were blazing away to right and left of me. I was conscious that my revolver was in my hand and that I was obeying Ali Bey's orders very closely in sticking to him like a burr, of which I noticed many were on my own and my comrades' clothing. On we went, somewhere, at a jog trot, till again we were halted at the edge of a copse of firs.

Presently the word was passed for the *Hakim-bashi* (head doctor), and mechanically I made my way behind the rear rank of the men, who were drawn up two deep just as if we were in the barrack-yard, save that the dressing was a trifle irregular. I have no notion how we got there or why in that particular formation ; but the fun had begun again : independent firing is, I believe, the term employed to denote what was going on, and I was conscious that some trees in the rear every now and then emitted a peculiar pattering and thud-like sound while I was stooping over one of our men, who was faintly ejaculating "*Amân!*" (Mercy!) at frequent intervals. For what seemed a long time I was busy, and my orderly was handing me

A Brush with Brigands 305

carbolised tow, bandages, etc. My knees were very wet, muddy, and cold, and the last man I had reached was beyond my care. Then I had time to look about me. The firing on our side had apparently ceased, and I saw Ali Bey and one of the subalterns standing just behind me, smoking cigarettes!

While some of the men stood at ease, others were on the alert, for it transpired that we had succeeded with the Hoodudiyeh in drawing a cordon round the brigands, who were now hemmed in on all sides. Closer and closer the noose was drawn in which as yet the Klephts knew not that they had imperilled their necks; but presently from the depths of the wood came the sharp report of rifles, which, gradually coming nearer, we knew that, unless the band was strong enough to break through, the final scene would be played out in the copse of firs before us.

Now began a fight which resembled cover-shooting more than anything else. Our men in the wood literally beat up the game represented by the brigands, who had evidently separated one from another, for every now and then a hurried rush and scramble betokened the passage of a hard-pressed Klepht in his search for shelter from tree to tree. Now the bugle sounded the "Cease fire," and we stood anxiously awaiting the next development; for the

306 The Savage Club Papers

which had become so narrow that there was danger of our men shooting each other if they used their rifles.

It was that harvest hour before the dawn. In the recesses of the wood great darkness reigned in silence. Suddenly a shot rang out from another, one of our men dropped, and the next moment in our ear I heard a heavy thud, and Ali Bey cried out "Died!" At this time our wounded were lying about fifty yards behind our fighting line, with a few of the men told off for stretcher bearers, my orderly, and myself. I crossed the space to see to the man who had dropped, and as I did so, in the murky dark I could just see the outlines of the men's figures and the glint of their arms, as they stood out against the deeper gloom of the fir-trees. Making my way to the wounded man, I found that he had been shot in the fleshy part of the upper arm, and was not much the worse, for the bullet had gone clean through. Just as I was turning to go back to the little group of wounded with this latest addition to their number, I saw for a moment in bold relief against the woodland depths the outline of a long gun along which I seemed to gaze. Of more than this I was not conscious: but presently Ali Bey was patting me on the back and saying, "Well hit! *Afferim!*" "Bravo!" *Hikaru-bashi!*

I do not think I realised what had happened: but later



(Drawn by PAUL FRENZENY.)

"THE OUTLINE OF A LONG GUN, ALONG WHICH I SEEMED TO GAZE."

on the bullet was extracted from the neck of the brigand, and it would only fit my "British bulldog," which, as a rule, made better shooting than some of the German revolvers carried by my brother officers. It is useless to pretend that one was fully conscious of the events of the night: everything was done in a kind of dreamy, automatic fashion, and half the time I was hardly aware of what was going on around me; some little incidents stand out prominently, while others, in which I must have shared, made no mental impression whatever. I certainly was unconscious, and incapable of recognising or remembering when I drew my revolver, or why it was used. Some instinct of self-preservation must have actuated me, and in the excitement of the moment the shot was fired which evidently saved my life.

Waiting for the daylight, now rapidly dawning over the mountains to the eastward, the Captain told me that he hoped to finish the work of extermination or capture as soon as it was light enough to see what was going on in the wood. The white fog hanging over the uplands was rapidly fading away before the morning sun, and at last the final plans were developed which ended in the capture of three out of sixteen brigands who had been entrapped and were now surrounded in the wood on the outskirts of

310 The Savage Club Papers

which we wearily watched. Those of our men who were in the open stood to their arms, while the skirmishers in the wood worked their way steadily toward us, like beaters driving the game before them. For some ten minutes there was a tremendous racket as our men were tumbling through the cover to the spot where the Klephts made their last stand, and fought bravely for dear life with their backs against the trees. Singularly enough they did no execution with their long guns and pistols against our men, who rushed them at the point of the bayonet; all three of the prisoners brought in were unwounded, and had apparently surrendered earlier than those of the band who fought to the last. The survivors must have regretted that they did not share the fate of their fellows, for they had a rough time of it on the march to Marditza, and, a few days after, paid the penalty of death for their part in the gross inhumanity practised on the wretched inhabitants of the village attacked and destroyed by the band to which they belonged.

When the prisoners were secured, our men were paraded on the little meadow in front of the wood and the roll was called. Three missing, six wounded badly and two slightly. Leaving ten men to retrace their steps along our route of the previous night to search for the ab-

A Brush with Brigands 311

sentees, we started on our journey through the woods covering the mountain slopes, every one unhurt taking a turn at the task of carrying our comrades, who were badly hit. The prisoners were most ingeniously tied up by one of the sergeants, who certainly would have puzzled the Davenport brothers. The sashes of the men themselves were used for the purpose, their arms being tied behind the back and the legs hobbled in a fashion which beggars description.

About noon we emerged from a magnificent forest of beech, and after half an hour's march through Alpine pastures, crushing the wild strawberries as we tramped along, we reached a mountain village, where we rested till the cool of the evening. The village green was planted with cherry-trees, splendid specimens, the like of which I have never seen again. We bought the fruit of one tree, which sufficed to regale the whole of our force with its most delicious spoils. Eggs and cheese fried together, maize bread, yoort (sour curds and whey) and coffee was the *menu* of the first square meal eaten in comfort since leaving Kouzoumkalè; and certainly we all enjoyed it. Afterwards, what a sleep we slept in the guest-chamber of the headman's house! But alas! all too short; for as soon as evening prayer-time came we all

312 The Savage Club Papers

arose, and, after devotions, pursued our way down the mule-path leading to the plain. Mules had been requisitioned, and our wounded were all comfortably disposed upon them, save one poor fellow, who was too bad to ride.

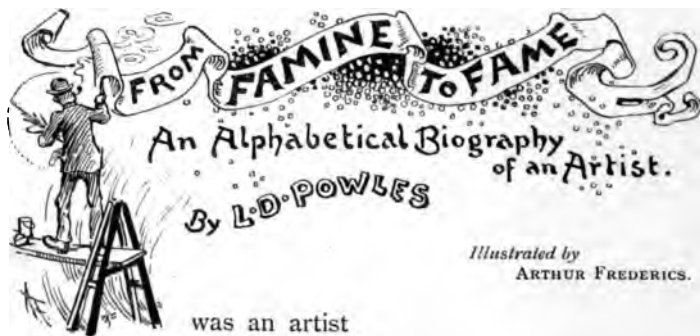
They saw us coming from the walls of Marditza and sent out two mounted Zaptiehs, or gendarmes, to meet us. These, as soon as they had heard our report, cantered back, and when we reached the town we found every one had turned out to see us come in. The old Miralai (colonel commanding a regiment) of cavalry received us very hospitably, and we had a rare good time with the officers of his command. Here we remained for two days, during which period constant telegrams were passing between the Pasha at head-quarters, some forty miles nearer the sea, and Ali Bey, who left us to report personally to the General; while on the third day we resumed the route to join our own battalion.

What a greeting we had! Hadji Omar turned out in full strength to meet us, and for the last two miles we marched to the cheery strains of our band, which played us into barracks.

Comparing our little brush with the brigands with the great events following so closely after, it almost seems

A Brush with Brigands 313

childish to recount the trivialities of a mere man-hunt, in which we outnumbered our prey by more than ten to one, not counting the company left as a guard in the ravine through which our first mountain climb was made. But the danger was not all on one side, as our casualties proved; and certainly this, my first experience of being under fire, though small and insignificant read in the light of later days, then was rather too close and personal to permit of any sensation of security, or freedom from a sincere wish that duty would call one out of range of the sharp-shooting for which the rascals, who handled their silver-mounted guns to some serious purpose, were justly celebrated.



who lived by his wits,



was a bailiff

who served him with writs,



was the couch

he'd not always to lie in,



was the ditch

they declared he would die in,



was an expert
who scoffed at his pictures,



was a fool
who wrote critical strictures,



was the goal
that he vowed he would land on,



was the hope
he would never abandon.



stands for interest
eighty per cent.,



for one Jacobs
the money who lent.

316 The Savage Club Papers



was the kite
he successfully flew,



was the luck
that at last pulled him through.



stands for Manchester,
where first they applauded him,



for the nice little sum
that rewarded him.



was Olivia,
a model divine,



was her picture
they hung on the line.



, the queer airs
he assumed in society,



, the result—namely,
much notoriety.



was the Siren
that finally caught him,



's for the ten little artists
she brought him.



's for the uncle
he calls on no more,



for the vengeance
his enemies swore.



is the wealth

that at length is his own,



is its quantity—

rarely unknown.



's for his yacht,

half as big as the Ark,



for the zebras

he drives in the park.

NOTE.—The above lines were written one Saturday evening at the Savage Club, in honour of the chairmanship of the late C. B. Birch, A.R.A.



[Drawn by JOHN R. REID.]

THE PILOT'S CHILDREN.





A FARCE ON A DOORSTEP.

BY COULSON KERNAHAN.

Illustrated by J. F. SULLIVAN.

AS Mr. Alexander Johnston was in the habit of assuming a ferocious scowl, which he fancied gave him the air of a man who was not to be trifled with, and of twirling up a pair of fierce moustaches into a furious curl, he was generally regarded by nervous folk and by the local tradesmen as a formidable individual, to whom it was desirable to show conciliatory deference.

One evening, in late autumn, he stepped out of the 'bus in front of his own door, and, as it was getting dark, he did not notice, until he had put his hand upon the latch of the gate, that a dog of a forbidding cast of countenance



"A DOG WAS WATCHING HIM FROM THE DOORSTEP."

was watching him suspiciously and severely from the doorstep.

"Come along, old fellow, come along, then," said Johnston, patting his leg in that seductive and insinuating manner

generally supposed to be irresistible with dogs, and assuming a manner as endearing as is adopted to her recently slapped charge by a nursemaid who hears her mistress coming. The "old fellow" exhibited an unmistakable desire to accept the invitation, and to "come along" then and there; upon which Johnston promptly pulled the gate to, and placed himself, with singular haste and more singular inconsistency, upon the other side of the street, remarking audibly that his immortal soul was doomed to everlasting perdition. Just at that moment, and very much to his relief, he saw, swaggering down the road, his friend and lodger, Sergeant Brown, of the Tower Hamlet Rifles.

"By Jove! here's Brown—that's luck!" he muttered. "I guess I'll let *him* be the first to make the acquaintance of the gentleman on the doorstep." And with that he turned sharply on his heel and disappeared round the nearest corner.

"Brown'll make the beast sit up," he said to himself. "How many Bengals did he say he'd shot when he had to go out, on business for the firm, to India? I forget now; but I know he told the wife that the natives used to call him 'Bungah Woolah,' which he said was Hindoo for tiger-slayer. Yes, and Mrs. J—— up and asked him if he'd any skins left! Artful old girl, Mrs. J——! She'd an

324 The Savage Club Papers

eye to a rug for the front drawing-room, I'll bet. But she looked blue when he said he'd given 'em all away to native princes, and hadn't a rag of 'em left."

While Johnston was thus soliloquising, he had turned to retrace his steps, and now found himself at the corner of his own road again.

"Why, here's Brown!" he said, as he tried to put on the look of just having got back from the City. "Hullo, Brown! where are you off to?"

"Only to get an ounce of bird's-eye," was the reply. "If you're going in, you might ask Mrs. J—— to put my slippers by the fire to warm."

Johnston nodded and passed on. "Ah! he doesn't suspect that this is my *second* appearance in the street to-night," he chuckled. "Plucky fellow, Brown! Didn't seem a bit upset by his encounter with that beast of a dog. Hope he walloped the brute well, to prevent him coming back!" he added uneasily, as he lifted the latch of the gate. "I don't want—but, hullo! Why, the beast *is* there again, and he doesn't look in a good temper, either. I must take another turn till Brown gets that bird's-eye, and then I'll slip in behind him. He'll have to clear the course for the second time this evening."

The turn was taken, and Johnston was soon at the door

again, only to find the dog still in possession, and looking, if anything, more bloodthirsty than ever.

"Well, this won't do," he said; "he's let Brown in, and I don't see why he shouldn't let me. I've tried the conciliatory dodge, and it didn't work. Now I'll try the other game. There's nothing like showing a bold front to wild animals, so here goes. Get out, you brute! Boo! Whist! Scat!"

The result of Johnston's "bold front" was that the dog "went" for Johnston, and Johnston "went" apparently for the next nearest city, and at the rate of three miles to the minute. "Great Scot!" he said, when he stopped at last to take breath and to mop his streaming brows, "I made sure the beast had gone clean, stark, staring mad! Brown must have irritated him terribly to make him growl like that. It would be suicide to go near him again. I must wait till Brown takes his evening stroll and pop in unnoticed behind him. Why, there is Brown! just come out, evidently. He mustn't see me, or he might suspect something, and I should get nicely chaffed to-morrow in the City."

Half an hour was spent in "dogging" the footsteps of the unsuspecting Brown, and then Johnston began to get irritable.

326 The Savage Club Papers

"What's the fellow hanging about the streets for, on such a beastly evening?" he growled. "Wonder if he's going to meet anybody? I always thought Brown was a steady sort of fellow, but it's my belief he's after no good! I'll go over and speak to him.—Ah, Brown! out for a stroll? Nice evening, isn't it?"

"It's a splendid evening," replied his friend. "I feel like stopping out all night, I'm enjoying it so."

"Stop out all night, hey?" muttered Johnston to himself, blankly. "I hope you won't, though, for I think it's a dismal, damp, diabolical evening!"

"But, by-the-bye," put in Brown, "what are *you* doing out so late?"

"I've just been round to see Potter's new chicken-house, and couldn't get away before," answered Johnston unblushingly. "Shall you be much longer?"

"No; I shall turn in when I've finished my cigar," responded Brown, walking on; "don't wait for me, old man. So long!"

"So long!" replied Johnston affably; and then to himself, "Ha! that's all right. I'll just take a smart walk to the end of the road and back, to put the blood in motion and give Brown time to clear the field again, and then hurrah for a warm supper and a corner by the fire!"



"AH, BROWN! OUT FOR A STROLL?"



The walk was taken, and Johnston was beginning to feel quite cheerful at the prospect of a speedy issue out of all his troubles, when, on turning to retrace his steps, whom should he run into but Brown, who told him he was on his way home, and proposed that they should go together. To this Johnston readily assented ; but just as they reached the gate he suddenly stopped.

"Hang it! my boot-lace is down—follow you in a moment, old man ; don't wait," he called out ; adding to himself, with a chuckle, "Johnston, my boy, you're a deep 'un, you are—a regular Bismarck, by Jove ! Only I hope that brute of a dog won't come *this* way when Brown drives him out !"

"Ah ! that reminds me," said Brown, stopping ; "I must step back to tell the stationer to send me the *Standard* instead of the *Telegraph*."

"I'll come too," said Johnston promptly ; "I want to get a rasher of 'streaky' for breakfast ; I'm tired of eggs."

Johnston got the "streaky," and Brown mentioned about the papers, and they started on the return journey.

"Do you know if there are any letters for me ?" inquired the former.

"Don't know," replied Brown ; "I haven't been in yet."

330 The Savage Club Papers

"Not been in!" exclaimed his friend in amazement.

"Not been in! Why?"

"Well," said Brown, looking very red and sheepish, "I don't know whether I ever told you about it, but I was bitten by a dog when I was a child, and—most unaccountable thing, an early fright! one never quite gets over it—I've always been a bit shy of dogs ever since; and there's an infernal great brute on your doorstep, who seems to have taken rather a dislike to me, and I thought if you didn't mind, old fellow, I'd wait and let you go in first."

"Well, that's the strangest thing and most accountable coincidence I ever heard in my life," replied Johnston; "but—it happened before I was born, you know—my poor mother was frightened by a dog, and although one is not, of course, accountable for that sort of thing, I've always been nervous of 'em myself. If you're agreeable, I'll call a policeman and we'll give him a bob a-piece to make the brute on the doorstep 'move on.'"

* * * * *

"What a difference daylight makes in the look of a thing!" said Johnston to himself next morning, as he was pulling on his boots. "Ghost stories always make me feel creepy at night, but I can read 'em by the dozen in the day, and never turn a hair. I wasn't up to the mark yesterday,

or I shouldn't have made such an ass of myself about that dog. But if ever I see the beast again I'll give him beans ; I'll —— " He left the sentence unfinished, as though his intention with regard to the dog were too bloodthirsty to be put into words ; and, assuming his customary scowl of



" 'THE BRUTE IS THERE AGAIN!'"

a man who is not to be trifled with, he opened the door and stepped out.

He stepped out, but he stepped in again a great deal quicker, and with a word which I hesitate to mention in the chaste pages of "THE SAVAGE CLUB PAPERS."

332 The Savage Club Papers

"If I'd been a minute later it would have been all up!" he gasped. "As it is, I must have pinched the end of his nose! To think of his being there again! Well, that fool of a Brown will be blundering out directly, and I only hope he doesn't see who's waiting for him till he's shut the door! But he mustn't see me hanging about here, or he'll smell a rat."

It wasn't long before Johnston, peering over the banisters, saw his unsuspecting friend buttoning up an over-coat to the accompaniment of "Let me like a soldier fall!" Brown gave his moustaches another twirl; lingered a moment to finish up the song in a final burst; took his umbrella from the stand; and stepped out.

There was a short, sharp growl and a yell of human pain, and then, as Johnston walked down the stairs, the door went to with a bang that shook the street, and Brown rushed into his arms, trembling visibly.

"Johnston!" he gasped, "Johnston—he's there again—that brute—waiting for us—and—and fiercer than ever." There was a sickly attempt at a smile on Johnston's face as he pretended to be entirely taken aback by the intelligence; but when three-quarters of an hour had passed with no prospect of deliverance, he began to get desperate.

"It's more than my berth is worth to be late at the office to-day," he said. "Sooner or later one of us must go out,

and I propose we toss for it." "I always win, and I think I'm safe," he added inaudibly.

Now, if there was a point upon which Brown flattered himself that *he* was lucky, it was tossing, and he jumped



"THERE'S A GREAT DOG ON THE DOORSTEP, AS IS THE MOST
SAVIDGE BEAST I EVER SEE!"

at the offer with joy. "Sudden death! Call to my pieces," he shouted, trembling with excitement.

"Tails!" yelled Johnston madly.

"Heads it is; I'm very sorry, but you've got to go, old man," said Brown, with a look which, notwithstanding his

334 The Savage Club Papers

expression of regret, would not have struck an unprejudiced onlooker as indicative of deep disappointment. "I'll get you my life-preserver; it's behind my bedroom door. Hit him straight between the eyes when he flies at you, and as hard as you can, for Heaven's sake—and mine!" he added, as he rushed upstairs for the weapon.

As he was entering the room again the maid-servant dashed almost into his arms in a most excited way. "Oh, Mr. Johnston, sir! and Mr. Brown!" she gasped, "there's a great dog on the doorstep, as is the most savidge beast I ever see, and won't go away nohow, though I put the chain on the door and 'ave been a-pokin' of 'im up with the broom-'andle till 'e's that wiolent as I think 'e'll 'ave the door down, and is a-roarin' like the wild beasts at the Zoo!"

Have you ever seen any one very ill with sea-sickness? Well, it isn't a cheerful sight, is it? but it is a sight which would be comparatively exhilarating compared with Johnston's face at this last piece of intelligence. "I shall be torn to pieces! eaten alive!" he gasped, sitting down in despair upon the coal-scuttle, and rocking backward and forward as if in internal pain.

Then it was that Brown showed the metal of which he was made.

"Johnston," he said, touching his friend on the arm, "You lost the toss, but I cannot let you go. You have a wife and child: I have neither. I will face that beast myself."

Without another word, but with face stern and set, and with the life-preserver in his hand, Brown opened the door, and stepped out to his fate.

THE DOG WAS GONE—and *Brown knew it when he made his noble offer.*

But don't on any account say a word to Johnston, for, to this day, he regards Brown as the bravest man of his acquaintance.

“LADDIE.”

BY RAWDON B. LEE.

FIVE o'clock! and Ted not yet returned from the fells, where, since early morning, he had been looking after the sheep! Heavily the snow fell during that cold December day, and as the farmer's wife looked out into the yard to see if her favourite lad had stopped to feed his ferrets, before entering the house, a violent gale was blowing, and the light, fleecy snowflakes were drifting into the corners of the fold. Tea was served—master, mistress, and servants, as is the custom in the North, alike sitting around that big white table. Even the “things” were removed, and a quiet pipe was being enjoyed by the men, and still Ted did not come. The north-east wind whistled around the buildings, and the trees at the front gate, shaken by the gale, groaned and ground their branches together. “Surely he must have called at the Manor Farm, and stayed for a game at cards,” his sister



[Drawn by HARRISON WEIR.]

“ ‘GET AWAY HOME, LADDIE!’ ”

thought, as she plied her needle in successful endeavours to mend a rent in a pair of socks.

338 The Savage Club Papers

But the sheep-dogs are barking in the stables; the terrier sleeping on the hearth suddenly awakes, runs to the door, sniffs for a moment, and wags his stumpy tail. There is a whining from the outside, and, immediately the latch is raised, in rushes "Laddie." Wet, draggled, and evidently tired though he seems, Ted's favourite collie dog makes for the mistress of the house, jumps about her, whines again, goes to the door, barks, and still whines. Nay, neither bone, nor milk, nor meat, will make him quiet; he refuses all.

"What's amiss, Laddie, old fellow?" says one of the boys, "and where's Ted, your master?"

Barking at the name, the sensible creature pushes and rubs his head into the speaker's hands, who, whilst patting him, finds a piece of cord tied around the dog's neck. "Surely this must be what's hurting you, old fellow"—for they imagined his uneasiness was on its account alone. But as the string is cut, attached thereto appears a slip of paper—a piece of an old envelope—and in faintly written pencil, the ominous words, "Send help. I'm hurt!"

Here, then, was the reason for Laddie's strange behaviour. The quiet kitchen remained quiet no longer, for there had come a message from the fells—the favourite son of the house was injured!—how seriously no one could

tell. Plaids were quickly gathered round the shoulders and chests of the men, lanterns were burning in the yard, and a procession passed through the gate into the night.

“ Laddie ” seemed to be the lively one of the party, for he gambolled on a yard or two ahead of the leader, now and then turning back to see that he was followed. Across the road, out on to the common. The wind blew in its most icy coldness, and “ four or five inches of snow ” covered the ground. On! on! we followed our canine guide across many a mountain beck, and skirting here and there some treacherous morass. We had been walking an hour. It seemed but a moment to us—though how much longer to the youth of whom we were in search! So far, the route had been only roughish: now we were climbing along the side of a steep and dangerous hill, covered with big stones and shingle, which rolled and rattled away as we struggled over them; and the ascent was doubly dangerous with the snow lying in patches and drifts here, there, and everywhere, almost.

“ Laddie's ” gambols had long been displaced by a more sober gait, and the poor dog appeared to have difficulty in keeping ahead. Evidently he was exhausted. Then he brightened up somewhat, and by the light of the lanterns we saw him take a turn to the right, and stop! Was

340 The Savage Club Papers

that dark object a bush of furze or a big boulder? No ; it's Ted! "Laddie" had taken us to his master. And now, his duty done, and completely tired out, the good dog curled himself up and lay down by the apparently inanimate human form.

The story of that journey down to the farm is scarcely to be told. Now the injured youth "wandered in his talk" (as they say in that North Country), which was of sheep and dogs—of Maggie! Then he dozed off, to all appearance dead—when lights in the distance, far below as yet, could be seen through the driving snow. A quarter of an hour more and Ted was being taken into his room. The "women folk" had already sent into the town, six miles away, for the doctor, who fortunately awaited us, and assisted to undress the injured man and lay him on his bed. Strong and hardy as these northern yeoman are, his injuries and the exposure to the inclement weather were sufficient to make Ted hover on the boundaries of "the happy land" for many weeks. Careful nursing in the end had its effect, and Maggie, his sister, was the first to be told the story of the accident.

On the day it happened, Ted had been bothering about a couple of weakly sheep, which he had not discovered until near dark ; and after attending to them he set off for home. In going along the brow of the mountain on which

we found him, he had, owing to the snow and storm, missed his path and fallen over the cliff at its most dangerous part—where, as a rule, it was protected by a larch railing ; this, however, had been blown away. The fall was of some forty feet, and the rocks were hard below. For a time he lay stunned. When sensibility returned, “Laddie” was licking his face and hands. The young farmer tried to raise himself, but the slightest movement caused intense pain, nor could he crawl even a yard or two to get into a less exposed position. So he lay for a time, and, his injuries becoming more painful, he contrived to reach his pockets, and with a piece of pencil obtained therefrom was able to scrawl the message which had been the means of bringing assistance ; and “Get away home, Laddie !” was quite sufficient to send the canine messenger to the place from whence help had come.

* * * * *

The winter proved long and severe, but in the end the frost went, spring approached, and as the first thristle sang from the top of the elm at the corner of the orchard, Ted came downstairs. “Laddie” followed him and lay at his feet when the invalid sat for an hour in the porch at midday. Both dog and master were changed. The former had not followed the sheep since that unfortunate day ;

342 The Savage Club Papers

the latter stooped like an old man, and had a nasty, racking cough.

Summer came. The lambing season was over ; the country air was sweet with the smell of hay ; the fruit-trees were again whitened, this time by a profusion of bloom. Ted showed no sign of improvement ; " Laddie " remained his constant companion. The doctor, who came round twice a week, said Ted would " never again be what he had been," and woefully shook his head.

Autumn ! The rich grain gathered ; the rustic church decorated for its usual festival, its harvest-home. Partridges were feeding in the stubbles—a few had been shot in the turnips and rough pastures ; but Ted was still unable to get about. His gun lay rusting in its case ; his spaniel and setter spent their time in hunting about the ricks for rats, much to the indignation of the house-terrier, whose place indoors " Laddie " had usurped.

Winter ! A mild day in the middle of December, dismal, dark, unwholesome. " Laddie's " once glossy coat was dull now ; he never strayed farther than the byre where the calves were ; his bark was hollow, and one eye had grown dim. " He's not an old dog," said the head servant ; " mebbe three or four years—but he's gaan to dee ! " and they gave " Laddie," in their rough but kindly way, some

tar made up into a pill—the common dog-medicine of the district. But his malady was not to be cured by nostrums. His master now lay upstairs; he had not been out of his room for weeks. The cough had gone, but oh! those pains in his side, where his ribs had been broken. The doctor still came and went; he said the end was near.

Just before Christmas. The blinds were down; the domestics moved with noiseless steps; for Ted had passed away during the night. “Laddie” was with his master to the end.

Four days later a mournful party walked through the muddy lanes to the pretty church bordering the common. Ted’s grave is under the laburnums and mountain ash. Snowdrops and daffodils spring up amid the green grass, and robins fight on its turf for a crawling worm.

“Laddie” was now missing from his late master’s door; he seldom had left the mat there since the funeral. Poor old dog! he would not wander far; and we looked for him in that little churchyard. He was not there then, but the sexton’s grandchild had seen “a sheep-dog, curled up and asleep,” on that newly covered grave and had drawn the attention of a passing rural constable thereto. She knew nought of canine affection, nor had she heard of the story of young Gough’s terrier on Helvellyn. “Laddie,”

344 The Savage Club Papers

so broken down and weak, made no resistance as the officer put a cord around his neck and almost dragged him three miles to the constabulary station. Here his friends found "Laddie"—prisoner—for he had broken the law in wandering at large *unmuzzled*. The cold flags of the rural lock-up had hastened his end, and "Laddie" died in the arms which carried him from thence to his old home.



[Drawn by HARRISON WEIR

"A SHEEP-DOG ON THAT NEWLY COVERED GRAVE."



[Drawn by T. B. HARDY.]

THE OLD PORT OF FLUSHING.





THE POOL.

BY HENRI VAN LAUN.

Illustrated by W. H. J. Boot.

'T WAS on a dull and low'ring eve in May
I chanced anear a gloomy pool to stray,
Where ev'ry sombre cloud was mirror'd back ;
I wandered pensively along the track,
Winding beside a dusty, quick-set hedge.
The pool was lined with alders and with sedge ;
No birds were singing, and no human sound
Broke the weird silence that prevailed around.

348 The Savage Club Papers

How drear the spot! And has this mere so still
Been aye a cursèd counsellor of ill
To some doom'd wretch, sick of our earthly strife,
Wearied and starving through a luckless life?
Did he within its watery bosom look
For that last hope which ne'er the soul forsook,
And found, mayhap, beneath its torpid wave,
Some solace for despair—a lonely grave?
Is the poor heart at rest, if there it lies?
No answer came. But beauteous butterflies
Fluttered in circles, telling to and fro
That earth is not all wickedness and woe.



[Drawn by A. MORROW.]

THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER



A STORM SONG.*

Words by HENRY BYATT.

Music by J. HAYDN PARRY.

Ped. * *Ped.* *

(* 2nd verse *on the G.*)

1. "Summer and winter the time o' day Is twelve o'clock at noon; The
 2. White horses swim the salt sea waves, The mist flies up to the sky; The

voice of him who speaks his mind Is oft - en the voice of a fool,"
 young wife sits at her win-dow seat,.... Fro - zen with mis - e - ry. No

* The music of this song was probably the last ever written by the late J. HAYDN PARRY, whose sudden death at the beginning of what promised to be a brilliant career was a source of intense grief to all who knew him.

Tender.

Sings the old wife by her simm'ring pot, With dull and mourn-ful croon, Till
thought has she for her sleep-ing babe, Nev-er a sob or sigh; Her

chil-dren tell the tid-ings glean'd, As they hur-ried home from
good man's corse floats by the rocks, The sport of the an-gry

(Sob.) f

school. For it's woe! woe! the north winds blow; The
sea. For it's whae! whae! comes up from the sea, And

salt sea dash-ing its spray; And whae! whae! it
woe she calls to the tide: "Tis God wills all these

A Storm Song

353

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, starting with a melodic phrase and ending with a fermata. It includes the lyrics: "seems to say, There's a sad - ness for each long day. things to be, He'll rest no more at my side." Above the staff, the markings "dim." and "(Sob.)" are present, and "D.C." is at the end. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, providing harmonic support with chords. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, featuring a continuous eighth-note pattern. It also includes the marking "D.C." at the end.

dim. (Sob.) *D.C.*

seems to say, There's a sad - ness for each long day.
things to be, He'll rest no more at my side."

D.C.



[Drawn by HERBERT JOHNSON.]

SCOTCH WHISKY.

BOBBIE: What are you doing there, man?

CHIEF' FROM THE NORTH: Dinna fash yersel'. I havena' tasted Scotch for a fortnight. A townie has just treated me tae twa-pennorth, and I'm trying tae get it intae my heid. I want tae hae a treat,

“LARD, I’M LATE!”

OR, A WEST INDIAN MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

BY HENRY H. NEWILL.

A TRAM-LINE occupies the ditch on one or other side of the road all the way from Kingston, the city in chief of Jamaica, to Constant Spring, a suburban resort sacred to the empty corridors of a far and wide-spreading double-winged Government-built hotel. The distance is some six miles. Between the fourth and fifth mile there is a grubby little stone cottage overshadowed by a gorgeous flamboyant tree, and secluded from the roadway by as ill-looking a hedge of prickly cactus as man or nature, between them, ever produced. Of the woman who built this cottage a characteristic story is told. It is said that one day she took it into her head to travel into Kingston by the tramcar which had then just commenced running. So she put on her best clothes, and went and sat at the little gateway by the cactus hedge; and, in order that she

358 The Savage Club Papers

should not be losing valuable time while waiting for the car, she went to sleep. The car duly made its appearance, and when it had passed her by and was a good hundred yards down the road, and its accompaniment of noise had gradually penetrated her not naturally receptive brain, she awoke and saw it, and drowsily exclaimed, "Lard, I'm late!" and then, with an enviable *sang froid*, re-closed her eyes and went to sleep again, to wait for the next. Again she awoke, to see the second car disappear down the road; again she vented her feelings with the words "Lard, I'm late!" and again found philosophy in slumber. She did not catch any of the tramcars that day, nor the next day, nor the next; indeed, the story runs that she *never* succeeded in catching the car, and neither did her daughter after her.

The story may be true, or it may not; but, at any rate, behold her granddaughter, on this piping hot morning, waiting in the very same place to catch the very same dusty tramcar. Rosalie, however, is not more than half asleep, and her many wakeful peeps up the road would seem to indicate that she has no immediate intention of devoting herself wholly to the national pastime. She has given herself half an hour to wait before the car is due, for fear of missing it.

The occasion was evidently an important one for Miss Rosalie. She wore her most stiffly starched print frock, and her jauntiest straw hat, with multitudinous ribbons, of which a few of the most striking colours were red, yellow, and blue; and her boots “cried” (that is to say, creaked) fashionably. And there was a happy, coquettish look on her little dark brown snub-nosed face.

Going one better than her famous ancestors, she succeeded in waylaying the tramcar for Kingston. No sooner had she climbed into a seat than she was accosted by a fellow-traveller. This was a woman a shade or two darker than herself, whose appearance, moreover, was less of a laughing matter; indeed, the woman looked naturally picturesque, with a coloured handkerchief tied carelessly over her head, and, clinging closely to her pliant body, a limp, unadorned, patternless cotton frock of the colour of snow in a thaw.

“Well, Rosalie!” she exclaimed, “an’ how are you? You are quite scarce. I do not see you at all. I hear last time ob you from Massa Caleb. How fine you look, dear! an’ your boots cry beautiful. Where be you gwine?”

Rosalie’s dusky cheeks blushed velvety, and her companion shrewdly proceeded.

“Ah, Rosalie, I hear say dat you will go keep house for de buckra massa O’Sandy. So is dat where you gwine?”

360 'The Savage Club Papers

I hear talk ob you wid him many time. Poor Massa Caleb! him fret him heart out."

Rosalie nodded coquettishly and giggled, modestly ogled a white man sitting near her, and gathered her spreading skirts together to make room on the seat for a new passenger. During the journey she was the living picture, her companion the loquacious exhibitor.

"Poor Massa Caleb!" the latter repeated. "Him will be sellin' de hymn book an' de Bible in de market dis bery day for sure. Ah, Rosalie, see! dat him dere under de big tree, disputin' wid dem gal. De proper man!"

The market had overflowed into the street, and there were women squatting on the ground in the roadway, with piles of fruit beside them, or walking about with great bunches of bananas or baskets of akees or other vegetables lightly poised upon their heads; many of them had thus carried their market produce from the far-away hills, but others had utilised donkeys, which now, with swishing tails and empty panniers on their backs, were tied up to the trees or to the railings of the Public Gardens that bounded one side of the roadway, waiting patiently in the dust and the heat until their strapping mistresses should tailor-leg them home again. Passing tramcars and buggies and 'buses (as cabs are called), were continually scattering

portions of the throng of making-believe-to-be-busy persons of all shades of colour and nationality. One noted half-fed Portuguese, coolies with ever-graceful bearing, a few Chinamen, a few snubbed white men and a great many officious brown ones ; an American boss or two, a few homey-looking ladies with green veils over their faces to ward off the glare : there were men and women squabbling, with thick lips ajar, and here and there a coloured constable strutted about importantly, and evinced anxiety to interfere at every opportunity : there were soldiers from the West Indian regiment in picturesque, Turkish-looking uniforms, and they paraded the place with befitting unspeakableness of manner : there were charcoal-sellers, and knick-knack vendors, and cattle dealers, and sleek-faced sellers of Dream and Fortune-telling books : and conspicuous among them was the afore-mentioned Peter Caleb. He was a tall, lank negro, and, his skin being a shade less dark than that of many of his fellows present, the assumption was that he could show at least one white visiting card somewhere or other amongst his family papers. He was dressed in a dingy black suit, was clean-shaved, and wore blue goggles over his eyes ; and he carried books under his arm which he offered to likely purchasers, crying out at intervals in sepulchral tones, “ Prayer an’ Hymn combine !—Refrence

362 The Savage Club Papers

Bible so neat!" Suddenly he noticed Rosalie alighting from the tramcar, and he ran to her.

"Good marnin', Miss Rosalie!" he said deferentially.

"Good marnin', Mr. Caleb!"

"Where be you gwine, Miss Rosalie? You look most sweetly pretty this day."

Rosalie's eyes took the glint of black diamonds, and she answered lightly, "Oh, I goin' fe walk Merrymount."

"Merrymount?"

"De same, Mr. Caleb."

"Why, dat de new estate buckra O'Sandy hab lately bought!"

"He come from England for true."

"So I am hearing, Miss Rosalie, an' wid plenty money. He no fool. But what you do wid him? De Lard guide yo' feet!"

"Oh I dunno, Mr. Caleb," Rosalie answered. Her cheeks were velvety again. "I must be gwine," she added.

"Wait, Miss Rosalie, you wait! Come dis way wid me one minit? I want fe tell you ober 'gain, Rosalie, dat I lub you, dat I will marry you, dat one true black man heart am wid you, Rosalie,—name de happy day?"

"Tank, you, Mr. Caleb, I obliged for true, but you see I go for be Mr. O'Sandy's housekeeper."

“ You go for be Mr. O’Sandy’s housekeeper ! De Lard hab mercy, an’ uphold you fro fallin’, Rosalie. De sweet good Rosalie for true ! Oh, no, I nebber believ dat you will not ’cept de marriage I gib you, Rosalie.”

“ Oh no, Mr. Caleb, tank you. When I done keep house for Mr. O’Sandy, den maybe I marry you.”

Mr Caleb thrust his fingers into his ears dramatically, as if he wished to shut out the sound of words of which he strongly disapproved. “ De Lard strike me deaf, Rosalie,” he said, “ rader dan I hear dose words. You Christian ? You speak dat way ! I teach you better, dear. But Peter Caleb, Christian, nebber could marry you when you am done libin’ wid de buckra, when you am sold you’self body an’ soul to de debil. Oh, you no well understand, Rosalie. Oder girl go do dis an’ do dat, an’ die in sin, but you no do like dem, dear. You am too heabenly for true. De whole world or de larger part ob him am giben ub to de ’fairs ob de world,—eatin’ an’ drinkin’, an’ all de pleasure. Dat no reason, Rosalie, fe you go do same. Behold, ober de road dere, de new fire machine. When de fire come, de firemen dey relegate de fury ob de flame wid de volume ob water fro de hose. Same way in de big sphere ob de world, Rosalie : when de wickedness ob men am roarin’ an’ flamin’ wid dense suffocatin’ black smoke up to heaben, den

364 The Savage Club Papers

de Lard, Him sniff Him nostril, an' look down, an' get de big celestial fire-hose, an' turn him down on de leapin' flame ob sin, an' flood de warld. De Lard, Him flood de warld before, Rosalie ; Him do so 'gain soon, I tell you. I know, Rosalie, I know."

"Dat bery dreadful, Mr. Caleb, what you am saying," Rosalie responded. Her eyes had lost their sparkle, and she hung her head and looked thoughtfully down at the sun-baked earth at her feet ; then her eyes fixed on the beautiful stiffness of her skirt, and her thoughts went with them, and she regained her self-composure, and held out her hand to Mr. Caleb.

"Lard, I'm late, Mr. Caleb," she said hurriedly. "Good marnin' !" and leaving Peter open-mouthed and sad, she set off at a brisk pace down the road towards Summermount. The way was flat and uninteresting, and she met few persons. The afternoon was half spent when she reached the wooden gate that opened to the short avenue of cocoanut trees and bristly agaves that led to the newly built Great House on the Merrymount estate, and Rosalie, after lingering a moment to wipe the perspiration from her face and to smooth herself down generally, stepped forward with renewed agility, not to say, grace. She looked very pleased with herself, and her brown-black

skin seemed to grow glossy with her heart’s happiness. But as she turned a corner of the verandah her countenance changed lamentably. “ Lard, I’m late ! ” she exclaimed to herself, with ready comprehension of the scene that greeted her. Her rival Rutilia lolled back in an easy-chair in the verandah, sleeping.

There are moments when temptation lays a heavy hand on one, and Rosalie undoubtedly harboured the incentive to do murder ; but she considered the matter so long that the object of her vengeance woke up, and bluntly asked her what she wanted. Then the buckra himself appeared.

“ Why, Rosalie,” he said, “ why didn’t you come yesterday ? You’re too late. I’ve engaged Rutilia now. The old family motto, Rosalie—‘ I’m late,’ eh ? ”

“ Good ebenin’, Mr. O’Sandy ! ” Rosalie said sadly as she turned away ; and she murmured to herself, “ Lard, how I hab lub dat buckra ! An’ now it am all ober, an’ I am like one cryin’ in de wilderness ! Dat Rutilia am a bold, wicked woman ! I must go find Peter Caleb now, make him happy.”

She found him that same evening at the little chapel in Kingston, where he preached twice a week. She herself was tired and footsore, but she missed the last tramcar

366 The Savage Club Papers

that would have taken her home in order to sit out the end of Peter Caleb's oration, and talk to him afterwards.

"Well, Miss Rosalie," he exclaimed joyfully, "so you hab tought better ob ye' late purpose. Dat's right!"

"No, Peter Caleb," she answered. "I went Summer-mount for true, an' I foun' dat ugly scheming Rutilia dere before me, an' I hate her, an' she am housekeeper to Mr. O'Sandy now, an'"—with sobs—"an' I come now see you, Peter. Come console me! You good man for true, Peter!"

Peter took his goggles off.

"Rosalie," he said, sidling up to her, "you call me Peter—you mean dat? You will marry wid me arter all?"

"Yes. I lub you, Peter!"

"An' I hab time out mind lub you, Rosalie. Tank de Lard! Let us pray!"

And the piccaninnies that eventually called Rosalie "mammy" were almost black, but they had the saving grace of being duly entered in the shorter, and self-respecting, column of the Registrar-General's Book.



[Drawn from life by BERTRAM LOUD.]

A TUNISIAN ARAB.



THE ORIGIN OF THE PUG.

A NEW CHAPTER IN DARWINISM.

BY S. A. K. STRAHAN, M.D.

IN the good old days of long ago,
When every one was Tory
And every Englishman was bright
From head to foot with glory ;
Ere Radicals had been evolved
From out the seething "masses,"
To blight the nation as do blight
The miasmatic gases ;
Ere Chamberlains the bedroom left,
On virtue's path to baulk us,
To tell the rabble of its strength,
And organise the caucus ;
When all was war and happiness,
And ignorance and bliss ;—
My tale begins in London town,
At such a time as this.

370 The Savage Club Papers

The Temple stood, as still it stands,
Where Fleet Street and the Strand unite,
And then its courts were beautiful,
Its gardens passing bright.
In this retreat there lived a knight
Who'd fought in Holy War,
And bore on every prom'nent place,
A plaster or a scar.
Sir John le Dawg, so tall and brave,
Was not of Cupid's band ;
He loved not woman—he had found
Her vows are traced in sand.
And yet a void was in his heart,—
A void that *would* be filled :
He'd tried small whiskies, half-and-half,
With kidneys stewed and grilled,
Welsh rabbits, sausages-and-mashed,
And every other dish
Supplied at Lord Mayor's banquet, down
To modest snacks-of-fish.
He ate and drank his waistcoat tight
As head of any drum ;
But still beneath his breastplate bright
There yawned a vacuum.

The Origin of the Pug 371

One cool summer's eve, Sir John strolled from "The Cock,"
As St. Dunstan was telling forth eight of the clock,
And though he'd been dining,
He yet was repining
And vowing the tail of his life he would dock.
He strolled by the river
And saw the light quiver—
Not the light of the lamp that is mentioned by Hood,
But the sun then declining
And bount'ously shining
On commoners wicked, and lords who are good.

While gazing o'er the water
In this melancholy mood,
He saw a little puppy dog
Come yelping down the flood.
His first idea—half a brick
Directed at its head—
No sooner was conceived than quick
The fell idea fled.
The puppy's yelp, its cry for help,
Sped like a barbèd dart,
Got under his vest, and into his chest,
And nestled in his heart.

372 The Savage Club Papers

No more half-bricks were in his mind,
Nor murder his desire.
His dearest hope, like Jameson's, was
To rescue and retire.
Ne'er thinking what might be the cost
His greaves to burnish up,
He plunged within the passing tide,
And saved the drowning pup.
Then hied he to his chambers high,
For pleasure almost dumb ;
He knew he'd found a something now
To fill that vacuum.

He nursed the pup with jealous care,
Attended on it noon and night ;
He took to coming home to tea—
In fact, he was reformèd quite.
With Kops's ale and lemon squash
His chronic thirst he did appease ;
He gave up lunching at "The Cock"
And dining at "The Cheshire Cheese."

The pup grew up a graceful dog,
Drab-coloured, of the greyhound breed ;

The Origin of the Pug 373

He soon was noted for his skill,
And also for his wondrous speed.
Sir John, attended by his dog,
To Hampstead Heath would oft repair,
And (when the keepers weren't about)
He'd course and kill the timid hare.

His dog at last flew quite as fast
As meteor o'er the sky did ;
He went so fast, if e'er he winked
The wind held down his eyelid.
So when he sighted any "puss,"
With staring eyes he'd fly,
Till with a smack he'd break her back
And *then* he'd wink his eye.
One eve a hare both swift and strong
They started on the Heath ;
It turned and doubled in its course,
Like fiend from underneath.
The end was doubtful ; but the dog
Had got a reputation,
And, like a minister of state,
He grasped the situation.

374 The Savage Club Papers

A bright idea crossed his mind
As heart began to sink,
Which pleased him so that, in his haste,
He ventured on a wink.
With closed eyes he bounded on,
A dozen strides at most,
When crash he came, with awful force,
Against an oaken post.
Sir John was shocked; his knees they
knocked :
'Gainst every hope he hoped ;
He rushed with wobbling legs, and found
His dog was telescoped.
A nose tip-tilted, short and snub,
Which once was aquiline.
A body chubby, wrinkled, coarse,
Which once was long and fine.
He turned away ; he could not stay
To gaze upon the dead ;
He sighed " Good-bye," and wiped his
eye
With kerchief Turkey red.
He wandered on the Heath till eve
Like one of mind bereft,

The Origin of the Pug 375

With kerchief red in his right hand
And a bottle in his left.
When something touched Sir John's warm hand
He thought his blood would freeze :
He dropped his bottle, drew his blade,
And turned with trembling knees.
Before him stood, in the twilight dim,
A goblin gaunt and tall ;
It winked great eyes, and licked its lips,
But never a word let fall.
The thing it moved. His heart it stopped.
He tottered where he stood.
It wagged its tail. He prayed for death
With all the heart he could.
His prayer, like all such wicked prayers,
Was not of least avail.
(The ghost now seemed a cross between
A foal and a towel-rail.)
Again it moved. His mind was dead,
But instinct still was left :
Self-preservation raised the sword
And the airy phantom cleft.
Just then, like lightning through a cloud,
Or a brick from an upstairs window,

376 The Savage Club Papers

The thought flashed through Sir John's dull brain,
The ghost was his old dog Lindo.
He pressed to his breast the erewhile ghost,
And cursed his eyes myopic—
Yet for such a man what more suitable than
A dog a bit telescopic?
The legs had been severed half way up.
To make the ends look neat—
He stuck upon each a walnut-shell ;
These soon grew into feet.
And thus we see the Pug's the fruit
Of sudden revolution—
The one exception to the law
Of gradual evolution.

Now all who've heard this doleful tale,
Fill up your beery mugs,
And drink the name of Lindo good,
The Father of all Pugs.

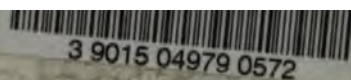
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

DATE DUE

APR 30 2001

FEB 15 2001

use this date for circulation



3 9015 04979 0572

820.8
S26
v. 3

Savage club, London

The Savage club

papers

031324

